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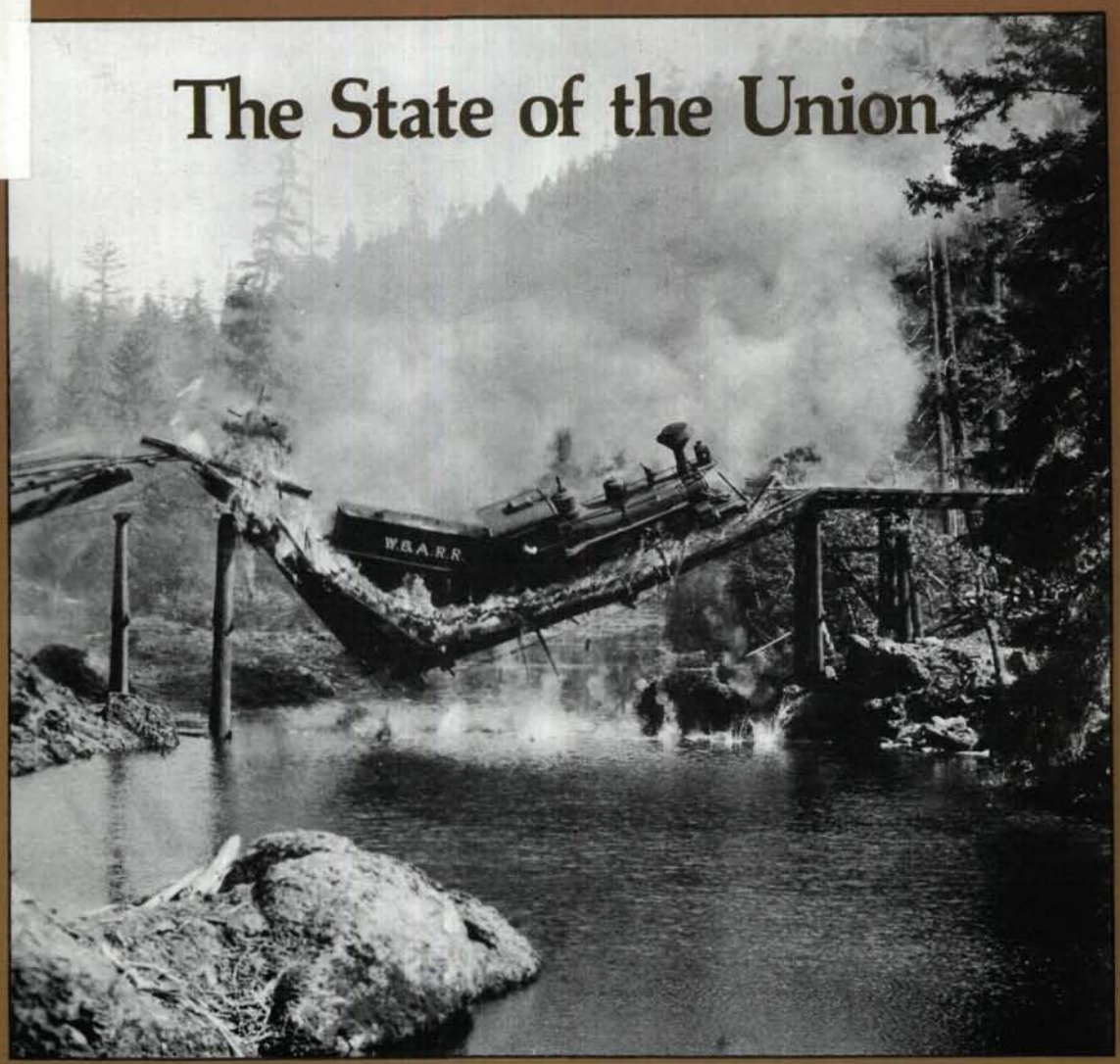
THE NEW REPUBLIC

February 2, 1980 Price One Dollar

The State of the Union



Hitler: The Motion Picture
Stanley Kauffmann

Johnson's Latest Boswell
Garry Wills

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TRB

from Washington
February 2, 1980

Between Eras

The most important thing President Carter has is his credibility. When he tells the nation that the Afghanistan crisis is "the most serious threat to peace since the Second World War," people can hardly believe him. It comes with more impact because he has been cool, low-keyed, restrained—up till now. So much so that he has been contemptuously attacked. Now questions pour into Washington from over America: does Carter mean it? . . . Are we really close to war?

Something suddenly happens in Washington: hard-liners are shouting "I told you so!" Doves disappear. "Yes," says hawkish senator Henry Jackson, "a year ago I told the Russians that SALT II was dead. Carter is right. Remember," he drops his voice, "that if war comes it won't be conventional weapons this time; it will be nuclear." We glance at each other, chilled—a group of about 30 hardboiled reporters. Jackson seems almost exultant.

At the war threat Washington is always the same. In 1917, when Germany announced unrestricted submarine war, Wilson declared, "It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war!" It was somber but thrilling. In World War II, after Pearl Harbor, FDR's appeal to the nation described the attack like a bugle call: "Yesterday—December 7, 1941—a date which will live in infamy." We rose in support. There was the breathless spasm, too, when Kennedy stood eyeball to eyeball with Khrushchev in the Cuban missile crisis. Russia retreated, but the martial itch was there. Even in the affair of Senator Church's farcical Soviet "combat" battalion in Cuba (it was only last October) the nation was ready to spring to arms. It is always right there just beneath the surface—the fever, the hysteria, the American flag lapel pin that Nixon used to wear.

Of some politicians it might be believed that they were using the Afghan crisis for political purposes. I think Carter may misjudge the crisis, but I don't think he is exploiting it. The "Soviet action is a grave threat to peace," he declared December 28 in the White House briefing room. He got Brezhnev on the hotline and was shocked: he felt he was being lied to. Carter described Brezhnev's response as "false" and "completely misleading" in his answers to Frank Reynolds over ABC on December 31. As the enormity of it sank in, he told the country January 4 "that the world simply cannot stand by and permit the Soviet Union to commit this act with impunity." His language escalated. It was on "Meet the Press," January 20, that he called it "the most serious threat" since World War II. And in his State of the Union message he said, "The Soviet Union has built a war machine far beyond any reasonable requirements for their own defense and security."

Teddy Roosevelt might have shouted harder; Woodrow Wilson might have been more inspiring; Franklin Roosevelt might have been more eloquent; but it must be said of Carter that he maneuvered the nation into a position where the International Court of Justice condemned Iran on the hostage issue, and where the Assembly of the United Nations, in a startling majority, condemned Russia, 104 to 18. America's moral position, so far, is strong. Also it must be said that, whereas the hawks would have started dropping bombs on Iran right away, Carter patiently abstained from rash action and probably saved the hostages' lives. In the matter of sanctions, he courageously curtailed grain shipments to Russia just before the Iowa primary—an act that five of the six Republican candidates attacked at their Des Moines round-table. In return Democratic voters gave Carter an overwhelming victory over Kennedy. (As it looks now it might well be a Carter-Bush contest next November).

This sounds like an unqualified endorsement of Carter and his policies. It isn't. It is an anxious recapitulation of the situation by an observer as one era appears to be falling apart and the new one is not yet born. Why didn't Carter seize the invasion as an opportunity to appeal for a national emergency energy program? We must have one; we are still without one. Carter's chilling implication that we are close to war seems like hyperbole to many. His actions don't match the emergency he suggests, otherwise the call for stand-by draft registration would have come earlier. It is significant that these matters are seriously argued here.

Carter's request for more arms was inevitable, I believe, since the SALT hearings showed an unacceptable decline in America's relative strength. Alas for human folly! The global level of military spending now reaches $500 billion a year, or more than the income of one-half of humanity. It is the cause of worldwide inflation. About a quarter of mankind's present expenditure on global research and development goes into military technology. If Russia and the US now drop the restraints of SALT I and SALT II (which they had agreed to follow temporarily until the treaty was ratified), there is really no limit to the arms race.

Carter's credibility stands reasonably high so far, I should say. But when he extols Afghanistan as an "independent, freedom-loving country," as he did on "Meet the Press," or builds up our sympathy for poor little Pakistan, as an unhappy buffer nation threatened by neighbors, he strains belief. John Oakes of the *New York Times* calls Pakistan "as ugly a military dictatorship as exists today." It is threatened all right, and is run by an unreliable dictator, General Zia, who disposed of his predecessor and is the type of leader that we always seem to get involved with.

President Carter has improved his team a good deal and his credibility with it. He has a group of "wise men" now, superimposed on the Georgia crowd: Hedley Donovan, veteran from *Time*; Lloyd Cutler, man of affairs (Yale Law School magna cum laude); Clark Clifford, adviser to presidents since Truman; Bob Strauss, troubleshooter in general. I feel safer with them around.

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Correspondence

The rhetoric of racism

To the editors:

In your December 29 issue, Charles Silberman resorts to the well-worn brush of "anti-Semitism" to smear any attempts to criticize the behavior of American Jews toward American blacks ("Jesse and the Jews"). In a reference to my own writing in the *Village Voice*, Silberman suggests that "it is a short distance from the new third world rhetoric to the familiar rhetoric of classical political anti-Semitism."

One does not have to be a fan of Jesse Jackson or a believer in "international Zionist conspiracies" to know that some prominent Jewish leaders and influential Jewish organizations have taken positions that have been extremely harmful to the black struggle for equality. I find it difficult to understand Silberman's conclusion that Jewish leaders are "sympathetic to black aspirations" when these same leaders have waged an unrelenting war against the modest numbers of blacks admitted to medical schools (six of every 100) and law schools (five of every 100). In the *Bakke* case, the American Jewish Congress, the American Jewish Committee, and the Anti-Defamation League of B'Nai Brith submitted briefs to the US Supreme Court arguing against *any* consideration of race in admissions. The ADL briefs in *Bakke* and *Weber* even advanced the argument that blacks had no special history of suffering in America. Fortunately, the Court twice rejected these arguments in the interest of historical accuracy and justice. However, the impact of such campaigns is damaging. Last fall, the first-year class of the medical school at the University of California at Davis, scene of *Bakke*, admitted just one black student—an African.

Black civil rights organizations have not lost their *raison d'être*, as Silberman suggests. Most of these organizations were conceived in an era when white hostility was blatant and when blacks could easily differentiate their friends from their enemies. To be truly effective in the 1980s, these organizations will have to understand that it is but a short distance from the new rhetoric of the Anti-Defamation League to the familiar rhetoric of classical racism.

Since the Andy Young affair a lot of effort has been channeled into building a case against "black anti-Semitism." But polls show again and again that blacks are less anti-Semitic than whites, who have the power that blacks do not to enforce their prejudices. Are Jews making blacks scapegoats for their frustrations about their limited assimilation into the country's power structure?

Joel Dreyfuss
New York, New York

Charles Silberman replies:

Mr. Dreyfuss has answered my specific criticism of him by changing the subject. In the article of his from which I quoted, Dreyfuss blamed American Jews for Andrew Young's resignation, which he saw as a "metaphor" for "an international struggle for power" between the (Jewish) "haves" and the (black) "have nots."

Now Dreyfuss wants to blame American Jews for the small number of blacks admitted to medical schools and law schools. As he puts it, "Jewish leaders . . . have waged an unrelenting war" against black educational aspirations. The only evidence he cites is the fact that the American Jewish Committee, American Jewish Congress, and Anti-Defamation League filed amicus briefs in the Bakke case. I happen to disagree with the position these organizations took, but it takes a special animus to view their briefs as a "war" waged by Jews against blacks. Allan Bakke, who brought the suit, is not Jewish, nor were his supporters exclusively, or even predominantly, Jewish; amicus briefs were filed on Bakke's behalf by Hellenic, Polish, Italian, and Ukrainian American organizations, among others. Indeed, the briefs to which Dreyfuss refers represent only two of the 61 amicus briefs that were filed in the case!

Dreyfuss's animus leads him into several other errors. He is wrong, for example, in asserting that the medical school at UC-Davis "admitted just one black student—an African" to this year's freshman class. In fact, Davis admitted *six* black students; only one chose to attend. (Medical schools, like law schools, compete avidly with one another to enroll able black students.)

Dreyfus is equally wrong in asserting that "polls show again and again that blacks are less anti-Semitic than whites." The Lou Harris organization has been surveying attitudes toward blacks and Jews for a number of years. When asked whether or not they agreed with the statement, "When it comes to choosing between people and money, Jews will choose money," 56 percent of the 1978 national sample of blacks, but only 32 percent of the whites, expressed agreement. (The black percentage, incidentally, was eight points higher than it had been in 1974). When the same question was put to national samples of black leaders and of large corporation leaders, the results were even more startling: 81 percent of the black leaders expressed agreement and only 13 percent disagreed; among the corporate leaders, 49 percent disagreed and 48 percent agreed with the statement.

Mr. Dreyfuss ought to check his facts before unleashing his vituperation.

Charles Silberman
New York, New York

Rushing to scare the USSR

To the editors:

Your editorial "After Detente" (*TNR*, January 19, 1980) describes and endorses an expanded arms merchant role for the US. We are to ignore, as we have done so often before, the oppressive, totalitarian character of nations, in this instance China and Pakistan, in a headlong rush to frighten the expansionist policies of the Soviet Union. This is recommended in your piece without any conscionable cautions about how these arms might be used against their own people or weaker neighbors.

Such ill-considered, hawkish responses to the Soviet incursion into Afghanistan can only accelerate the murderous processes of war that you initially seem to deplore. If America is to become a great war machine, confronting the Soviets on every front, it would be better to do it honestly and under some control with our own military establishment.

Robert J. Brooks
Cobalt, Connecticut

Experimental states

To the editors:

Barney Frank laments that the time of progressive experimentation within individual states is over ("Sorry States," *TNR*, December 29, 1979). Let me reassure Mr. Frank that experimentation continues. The only thing that has ended is the willingness on the parts of states in some areas of the country to pay for the failed experiments of states in other areas. Mr. Frank can continue to

(continued on page 40)

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Correction:
Professor Jerome Slater, author of the article, "What Carter Can't Do," in last week's issue, was identified with the wrong first name. The editors truly regret this error.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

February 2, 1980

Busy, Busy, Busy

The January 28 issue of *Time* magazine offers us a pretty color photograph of the White House and the Washington Monument at night, with the illuminating caption: "Throughout the week, the White House was the scene of high-level consultations." Unfortunately, this is more or less the same vision President Carter had to share in his State of the Union message last week—not his speech on Wednesday evening, but the 75-page single-space *apologia pro vita sua* released two days earlier. The president is deeply concerned about nearly all aspects of modern life. Everything is excellent, but large changes in every area are essential and urgent.

The specifics in the message can be divided into three parts: the president's accomplishments, the president's urgent goals, and the president's special concerns. Here are some highlights.

As for the accomplishments: "When I took office in 1977," there was a recession; there was "no national energy policy"; "the Federal government was operating inefficiently"; "our defense posture was declining"; and "America's resolve to oppose international aggression . . . was under serious question." All that has changed. As for inflation, "a program has now been put in place which will moderate inflation in an equitable and effective way. In 1980, we will continue the steady

Throughout the week, the White House was the scene of high-level consultations.

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economic policies which have worked to date." Unemployment? "The Humphrey-Hawkins Full Employment Act became law after many years of effort."

"This year marks the high point of three years of accomplishment for small business under my Administration," you will be glad to hear. In particular, "The White House Conference on Small Business, which I convened eighteen months ago . . . has just concluded its deliberations. . . . I called on the head of every executive department and agency to propose at least one initiative of benefit to small business. Over 160 separate initiatives have been proposed. . . ." And of course, "We have made great strides in . . . cutting down Federal paperwork."

"My Administration has brought improved stability to the Nation's housing market." "My Administration has taken great strides toward solving the particular problems faced by senior citizens." "This past year was one of unmatched and historic achievement for a vital component of the U.S. economy—exports and trade." Et cetera.

President Carter took the opportunity to identify several matters he feels especially strongly about (which is not to suggest, of course, that he feels less strongly about any others). Quite a few of these concerns come under a category he refers to repeatedly as "Enhancing Basic Human and Social Needs." For example: "The well-being of children in need of homes and their permanent placement are primary concerns of my Administration. . . ." "I have been deeply committed to restoring the public's confidence and trust in the Social Security System." "The efforts of my Administration . . . have been concentrated on providing American women with a full range of opportunities." "Since taking office, I have been strongly committed to strengthening the fiscal condition of our Nation's State and local governments." "One of the principal goals of my domestic policy has been to strengthen the private sector economic base of our Nation's economically troubled urban and rural areas. . . . It is the first time rural affairs has been given the prominence of a Presidential policy."

"Since the beginning of my Administration, I have been committed to strengthening our Nation's research and development capability. . . ." "One of my major commitments as a candidate was to make the Federal government more effective and efficient. . . . One of my highest priorities has been to improve the quality and efficiency of Federal programs through reorganization." "Balancing the need for resource development and conservation has been a major environmental theme of my Administration."

Of course it goes without saying, and therefore cannot be said too often, that "The maintenance of national security is my first concern." In this context, the president reemphasizes "the primacy of our Atlantic relationship in this country's national security agenda." But: "The United States is a Pacific nation, as much as it is an Atlantic nation." And don't forget "the critical importance . . . of the area running from the Middle East through the Persian Gulf to South Asia."

Which of President Carter's legislative goals for 1980 does he feel are especially important? Well, "Prompt passage of the Energy Mobilization Board is one of my highest priorities this year." Stand-by gasoline rationing demands "early action" because of "the overriding national importance of emergency preparedness." Then there is health care: "We cannot afford further delay in this area." And hospital cost containment: "I am asking the Senate to move quickly on this legislation." On a more abstract plane, "One of the important goals of my Administration at the beginning of this decade is to change the social acceptance of drug use." Energy assistance "is one of my high priorities in this session of Congress." Help for refugees "is a high priority this year." "Enactment of significant railroad deregulation legislation this year is essential. . . ." And passage of "a comprehensive $1.6 billion legislative proposal" dealing with hazardous wastes "is absolutely essential. . . ."

Myriad other proposals merely require "prompt enactment," or "action in this area this year," or "Congress to act now" or "without delay." Lazy legislators will look in vain for a proposal of which it is said, "There is no rush on this one."

After a discussion of the International Sugar Agreement, intended to maintain high sugar prices for domestic producers while mollifying foreign exporters—a matter he identifies as "a major commitment of this Administration" and for which he urges "prompt enactment of implementing legislation"—the president concludes sternly, "For this Nation to remain secure, for this country to prosper, we must rise above narrow interests." It is fine and true to suggest that this is a time when we must all take our lumps. Judging from the rest of his message, though, what the president really means is, "One lump or two?"

The Inscrutable East

Japan Indicates It Would Not Join In Trade Curbs on Iran and Soviet

—*The New York Times*, January 17

Japan to Join Drive For Curbs on Iran Despite Oil Threat

—*The Washington Post*, January 17

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White House Watch

Your Friendly Budget

The word from the White House and the neighboring Office of Management and Budget is that the process of putting together what the President calls his "responsible, restrained budget" for fiscal 1981, the accountant year beginning next October 1, was more friendly and less shot with animosities and controversies than the preliminaries to his fiscal 1980 budget were. Here in advance of the submission of the 1981 budget to Congress, with its precise figures and official justifications, is a foreshortened account of how it was fashioned. The account comes mostly from the White House and OMB. It therefore tends to burnish Jimmy Carter's image and undoubtedly differs from department and agency versions. In sum, though, the White House and OMB story conveys a useful impression of changes that were noted by Carter's subordinates in him and in his presidency during his third year.

Carter in 1977 and 1978 appalled some of his most devoted servitors by his excessive preoccupation with budgetary detail. It wasted his and their time and energies, frayed his and their tempers, and to a substantial degree delayed and complicated a process that historically and in its nature is imbued with controversy between presidents and budget bureaus on the one hand and departments and agencies on the other. Last year, the year of fiscal 1981 preparation, differed in significant respects. In matters that particularly concerned or fascinated him, Carter still demanded detailed information. Generally, however, he skipped the details and took command of the process at the final stages of agency appeal from OMB to him in a way he hadn't previously done. His habit at these appeals sessions in the Cabinet Room adjoining his Oval Office previously had been to listen, endure the arguments and lectures of department and agency officials at more length than they deserved, and at the end of the sessions indicate his probable if not his final decisions. Associates who thought he was unduly patient or even submissive recognized that he was at least trying to get himself educated. In November and December 1979, when the 1981 appeals occurred, he questioned more than he listened. Very curtly at times, he drew ramblers back to what he considered the essential points at issue. He seldom or never decided the issues at the meetings or indicated how his mind was running. He conveyed his decisions afterward, through budget director James T. McIntyre Jr. or directly to department and agency heads.

An exchange in the Oval Office between Carter and McIntyre, related by somebody else who was present, illustrates the change. Some background, sorry to say, is required. A two-part issue running through the whole 1981 budget debate had to do with the total number of federal civilian employees and with the method of counting them. Carter had backed away from many of his 1975-76 campaign pledges. One he didn't back away from was his pledge to hold non-military federal employment to the level he found when he took office in 1977—around 1.9 million full-time "permanent" civilian jobs. Throughout the budget discussions last year McIntyre for Carter, and Carter himself, rejected pleas and pressures for employment increases that would breach the 1977 ceiling. Another and more complex issue was involved. It was how to count federal employment. Carter's fixation with employment numbers always had been somewhat silly and irrelevant. In addition to "permanent" full-timers the federal government, including the White House and associated presidential offices, is loaded with temporaries and part-timers who are covered in budgets as occupants of "equivalent" slots. Carter's rhetoric had dealt only with permanent full-timers (351 in the President's own White House Office). Now it was proposed, and had been experimentally tried in a few agencies, to combine the "permanent" and "equivalent" slots in a formula that in effect would count year-hours on the job instead of bodies and discourage if not end a lot of numbers cheating. Most departments and agencies objected bitterly because of the drastic changes in accounting procedures that would be required, not to mention the loss of means to fake employment totals. This issue was the subject of the only across-the-board, practically government-wide appeal from OMB to Carter. The others were individual agency appeals. Carter finally told McIntyre to allow a year to install the new system in fiscal 1982 instead of 1981. During one of the discussions with Carter, McIntyre offered to take some of the interim complexities off Carter's hands. "You mean," said Carter, "that it will be your problem and not mine?" McIntyre: "Yes, sir." Carter: "Then I don't want to hear any more about it." Two years ago, he'd have insisted on handling the problem himself.

Behind the change in behavior lay a mix of connected events and changes. Carter complained about the multiplicity of budgetary and other agency appeals to him that he'd largely brought upon himself. McIntyre, a quiet Georgian who succeeded the most spectacular of

drawing by Mike Peters

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Carter's Georgians, Bert Lance, as OMB director, suggested in his canny fashion that if the President would allow it he could take most of that burden from Carter. McIntyre said he could resolve most of the budgetary issues himself and within OMB. Carter jumped at the offer. The enhanced OMB appeals process worked pretty well in 1978, once the departments and agencies realized that McIntyre actually was acting for the President and not pretending to an authority he didn't have. That realization sank in before last year's 1981 cycle started in February 1979 and, so it's said at OMB and the White House, helped to keep appeals to Carter down to arguments over 107 specific issues, most of them relatively minor. By OMB count, Carter decided 95 percent of them for McIntyre.

A related factor was what Carter did for himself during the Cabinet purge—five changes—last summer and fall. The consequent impression of haste and confusion hurt him around the country. But, according to associates who are closer to him than the country is, it had two constructive results. It scared the hell out of the revised Cabinet and instilled a hitherto missing discipline at Cabinet level. And (roughly quoting two senior White House assistants) it was what it took to convince Jimmy Carter that he really is President of the United States. Since then, the quoted associates and some of their juniors say, he's been the boss in ways he was not before then. One of the ways was to pass word, in person and through staff chief Hamilton Jordan, and then make it stick, that he just wouldn't tolerate petty bickering over petty budget and other issues.

We of the media love tales of personal quarreling at the peaks of power. Four characters in such budgetary tales have been HEW secretary Joseph Califano before he was fired last year; his successor, Patricia Harris, when she was secretary of Housing and Urban Development; McIntyre at OMB; and senior domestic assistant Stuart Eizenstat at the White House. Here is some updating.

An astonishing change has altered the relationship between OMB and HEW (which will get a new name when the new Department of Education is carved from it and comes into being April 1 under former federal appellate judge Shirley Hufstedler). McIntyre and one of his associate directors, Suzanne Woolsey, were at war with Califano and his under secretary, Hale Champion, during most of the fiscal 1980 budget cycle in 1978. The quarrel was one of Carter's reasons for firing Califano. Harris at HUD was at war with McIntyre and another of his associate directors, Frank Raines. Raines showed me memos from Harris to him that I didn't quote at the time because the savagery of their content and tone, verging on personal insult, would probably have led to the firing of a good man if he'd been caught disclosing them. Raines quit later and joined a big New York banking house. Raines's staff put together a composite photograph of excerpts from Harris's most outrageous memos and gave it to him at his going-away party. Harris at HEW and McIntyre had their differences last year, of course. Every department secretary worth his or her salt and every budget director differ every year. But Harris is said to be comfortable with McIntyre, he with her. "They get along fine," a participant in their 1979 battles says. Harris did not appeal a single HEW issue to Carter.

Her successor at HUD, former New Orleans mayor Moon Landrieu, and the first secretary of education, Shirley Hufstedler, made more trouble at OMB and the White House than Harris did. In OMB's view, this was partly because they were new to the federal budget process and had more to learn than they realized. Landrieu argued through and lost the longest of all appeals sessions with Carter. Hufstedler had to fight and did fight—gracefully, her people said; "ferociously," it was said at OMB—for all the turf and money she could get for a department that did not yet exist. On balance, she did very well. Near the end of the cycle it looked as if she wouldn't appeal anything to Carter. McIntyre often encourages appeals when he thinks Carter should know the issues and even when he knows perfectly well how Carter is going to rule, as he usually does. McIntyre told Hufstedler, shucks, she should have at least one appeal to the President in her first budget round. So she appealed and won what she was going to get anyhow.

Hufstedler figured importantly in one of two major issues between McIntyre and Eizenstat. It was whether, how fast, and by how much to expand federal assistance to disadvantaged (mostly black and Hispanic) youths. The other issue was whether to renew the expiring five-year authorization for general revenue sharing of federal funds with state as well as local governments. Hufstedler's and her department-to-be's interest was in how much of the youth assistance money Education would get and how much the Labor Department would get. She got two-thirds of the $1.2 billion involved, mostly for expenditure in fiscal 1982.

McIntyre's and Eizenstat's differences on both issues were assumed in some reports to be as fierce as other differences between them were in 1978. Actually, McIntyre and Eizenstat learned a lot from their 1978 experience and were on much better terms in 1979. They found, for instance, that with regular personal contact they could resolve issues that had deeply divided their staffs and thereby save themselves and Carter from embarrassing publicity about in-house feuds. Thus McIntyre was for going slower on youth work assistance than Eizenstat was, but didn't obstruct the expansion that Eizenstat and Carter wanted. Carter before and after his election was all for cutting off revenue sharing with the states. McIntyre tried to hold him to that position until he realized that Carter was going to cave in, not so much to Eizenstat as to election-year pressures from governors *and* local officials. Eizenstat correctly figured that cutting off sharing with the states and confining it to localities

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would probably get the whole program killed in Congress. Carter learned late that some 40 percent of the state money was "passed through" to localities, anyhow. That rather than favoritism for either McIntyre or Eizenstat seemed to be the deciding factor. Both McIntyre and Eizenstat recommended at about the same time, in memos and in person, that the expiring program and sharing with the states be renewed. Carter in his State of the Union message slid over without quite ignoring a provision that helped to satisfy McIntyre. It was that states be required to re-justify their share of the federal money during fiscal 1981 and demonstrate rightful use of it thereafter.

Two aspects of the enormous defense request—around $160 billion in authorizations and appropriations, $143 billion in fiscal 1981 outlays, a real-terms increase of about five percent over the current year—will be noted. For this budget, as for those in many years past, the defense estimates have been worked out in longer and closer collaboration between the Defense Department and OMB's national security division under associate director Edward R. Jayne II than domestic estimates ever get. Secondly, the major defense increases recommended for 1981 were approved by Carter before the Iran and Afghanistan crises developed. The big decisions—for an expanded rapid deployment air and sea capability, for instance—began to evolve in 1977 and were made final by the President in August and September. More military and particularly naval operating funds will be required than the 1981 budget provides. In the main, in the shape it is sent to Congress, it's not "the crisis budget" that many accounts depict.

Note: I wrongly reported in this journal's January 19 issue that Special Prosecutor Arthur Christy considers that his jurisdiction in the Hamilton Jordan cocaine inquiry is limited to the southern district of New York. His jurisdiction is nationwide.

John Osborne

Politics

Try, Try Again

Manchester, New Hampshire

Thank you, Iowa, for your political enthusiasm, for your big turnout, for your surprising results, and for getting the 1980 campaign, at long last, out of the realms of polling and speculation and into hard numbers. As your reward, your caucuses are now the number-one event in American presidential campaigns. But I would not be surprised if the penalty we all pay for it is that some other state will be motivated to start the 1984 nominating process in 1983.

But now, on to New England. Among the Democrats, the race here promises to be much closer than the 59-31 rout that President Carter achieved in Iowa, but Carter still is favored to win the Maine caucuses February 10 and the New Hampshire primary February 26. If he does so, it will be the end of Ted Kennedy's candidacy, and what all the political experts said would be a long, tough struggle for the Democratic nomination will have turned into a Carter cakewalk. Kennedy has a large, hard-working organization in New Hampshire, but he had the same in Iowa and it wasn't enough. If Kennedy's candidacy is to survive, the candidate has to develop a logic for it: either a political logic or a policy logic, or both. He has to make the case, against all current poll figures, that an easy Carter nomination will lead to certain Democratic defeat in November. Or he will have to show that Carter has been a flop in both foreign and domestic policy and—the important part—that a Kennedy presidency would be a success. Kennedy is going to have to start pounding on Carter in New England or he's finished. At the same time, Carter would be mistaken to try up here the too-busy-with-my-crises tactic that worked so well in Iowa. Carter is ahead, yes, and Afghanistan and Iran continue to blind voters with red, white, and blue dazzle. But New Hampshirites like to be courted; and the minute they get the idea that Carter is faking it from the White House, they may turn on him with vengeance. So Carter, if he wants to end the Kennedy challenge, is best advised to fly Air Force One up here and show he cares.

It ought to be clear, after Iowa, that the same principle applies to Ronald Reagan, whose managers thought they could play "ruffles and flourishes" at campaign rallies, surround the candidate with Secret Service men, and make voters think their front-runner already was president. But Iowans knew better than to confuse Reagan's California ranch with the Rose Garden, or to buy his excuse that participating in a debate was "divisive." They were offended by his lordly inattention, and impressed by George Bush's energy. Bush *did* have a superior organization in Iowa, but he didn't beat Reagan on organization alone. The Bush organization was geared only to turn out about 15,000 hard-core supporters in hopes of winning a low-turnout contest. Instead, Bush got nearly 35,000 votes, and his campaign staff confesses it doesn't know where they all came from. I think the lesson from Iowa for Republican campaigners in New Hampshire is that when issues or personalities aren't a factor, the voters come to him who asks, and a candidate has to be there to ask. Reagan wasn't *there* in Iowa, and he'll be beaten again in New Hampshire if he doesn't change his campaign style.

If Reagan was scared by Iowa and is prepared to get busy, he ought to be presumed the favorite in New Hampshire. In 1976, he lost the New Hampshire primary to Gerald Ford, the incumbent president, by just 1500 votes. Reagan's 1976 manager, former

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governor Hugh Gregg, who is now running the Bush campaign, acknowledges that 70 percent of Reagan's old organization is still intact and with Reagan. Reagan's Iowa organization suffered from a late start and uncertain top management. A new coordinator had to be brought in from Washington in mid-December to shape things up. In New Hampshire, by contrast, the Reagan organization is native and experienced, headed by three-time state Republican chairman Gerald Carmen. Whereas Reagan's Iowa organization never covered all of that state's 99 counties, Carmen's organization had appointed chairmen in all New Hampshire's 300-odd towns and wards by the day Reagan announced his candidacy in November. According to Carmen, those chairmen are all assigned to find local coordinators who in turn will be in charge of 10 precinct captains, who will all be in charge of 10 voters. This organization will be overlayed by telephone banks designed to contact Reagan-leaning voters at least twice before election day, and by a direct-mail operation that will put propaganda into their hands at least once.

Reagan also has the advantage in New Hampshire, dubious though it may be in the rest of the world, of being the favorite candidate of William Loeb, publisher of the *Manchester Union-Leader*, the only newspaper circulating statewide. Loeb is seeing to it that a day does not go by without Reagan's being mentioned favorably and prominently in his newspaper. Last week, he made a banner headline out of Reagan's limp message congratulating New Hampshire on the 300th anniversary of its state constitution. Meanwhile, Loeb is firing every bullet he can find or manufacture against George Bush, including the charge that he is the candidate of a "little country club set" that is out to "buy" New Hampshire voters for "their fellow clubman and millionaire."

Bush is targeted by Loeb and the other Reaganites as their candidate's most formidable opponent, and conventional wisdom in the press, at least since Iowa, has it the same way. Indeed, Bush has spent prodigious amounts of time and energy in New Hampshire, much as he did in Iowa, and Hugh Gregg has managed to assemble a new army of volunteers to carry the word and turn out the vote. Last week, Gregg had matched Carmen with his own set of chairmen in all of New Hampshire's 236 towns, and listed them all (complete with phone numbers) in the *Manchester Union Leader*. In other ads, Bush also is playing up the fact that while he made his fortune in Texas, he is a native New Englander (son of former US senator Prescott Bush of Connecticut) who "never left" the region in spirit.

Despite Reagan's presumptive lead and Bush's momentum following Iowa, I think the Republican campaign has not—as widely assumed—already narrowed to a two-man race. Tennessee senator Howard Banker is not out of it yet, and New Hampshire may be his place to show it. Even though Baker finished third in Iowa, polls there showed him to be the second-favorite among all rank-and-file Republicans. He has dropped to third in the latest Harris poll, behind Reagan and Bush, who are tied, but all previous national soundings showed him second, indicating a good reservoir of support from which to draw. In Iowa, Baker started hopelessly late, had no organization, and relied almost exclusively on television advertising, which is of limited use in a caucus state. In New Hampshire, he is not making the same errors. Baker's campaign is being run by three experienced local experts—John Michaels, who managed Gerald Ford's winning 1976 primary campaign; Stuart Lamprey, a former state senate president who managed Richard Nixon's 1968 effort; and Alan Walker, who ran Nixon's 1972 campaign. Lamprey now makes a business of keeping the state's only computerized list of Republican households, which he has brought to the Baker campaign to be the basis of its phone bank and canvassing efforts. Reagan and Bush workers have to visit each town in the state and copy down the names, then look up all the addresses and phone numbers. Michaels acknowledges that Baker has chairmen appointed in only half of New Hampshire's towns, but he claims that naming people to such positions is less important than the Reagan and Bush managers make it out to be.

In further contrast to his performance in Iowa, Baker has promised to campaign actively and often in New Hampshire. And television ads should be much more effective in a real primary state. Baker's ads, designed by Washington media consultant Douglas Bailey, were acknowledged to be the slickest in the field in Iowa, complete with an original jingle: "We believe in America . . . it's mighty special to me." Baker does have a problem, because Bush and Gregg have sponged up dozens of potential Baker volunteers. Baker's Concord chairman, Barbara Underwood, complained that she can't find anyone to work for her man. "People tell me that John Anderson is saying all the right things, Bush has the nicest organization, and Howard Baker would make a good president. But when I ask them to work, they say they're already with Bush." Still, Michaels claims he will find adequate numbers to do the job, and I think Baker has an opportunity to surprise the field by finishing first or second in New Hampshire.

The New Hampshire primary still is a month away, so it is impossible to make predictions in either party race. The only recent poll, conducted before the Iowa caucuses by the Manchester firm of Blake and Dickinson, showed President Carter running ahead of Senator Kennedy, 35 percent to 31 percent, with 11 percent for Jerry Brown and 23 percent undecided. Clearly there is still hope for Kennedy, although the poll represented a dramatic shift from the same firm's results two months ago, when Kennedy had 53 percent and Carter had 18. Kennedy does have the names of 2000 volunteers, and his organization plans to canvass practically all of New Hampshire's 175,000 Democratic households. He also has the advantage of being a New

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Englander who identifies with New Hampshire problems—the chief one being high energy prices. But Carter, too, has a good organization—chaired by Governor Hugh Gallen and run by Chris Brown, who managed Carter's 1976 primary effort here and ran Gallen's successful gubernatorial race against Meldrim Thomson. And Carter has the power to dispense federal grants in New Hampshire, as elsewhere. One bundle of money has come down already for a major highway improvement, and Transportation Secretary Neil Goldschmidt last week inaugurated a new six-dollar-a-ride commuter train from Concord to Boston. And of course, there are Iran, Afghanistan, and the flag at work for Carter.

Morton Kondracke

On the Hill:
A committee designed by a committee.

Energy Camel

The House of Representatives is on the verge of doing something about energy. To appreciate the significance of this development, one must keep in mind all the things the House has not done about energy. It has not lifted price controls on gasoline or domestic crude oil. It has not ended the subsidy to imported oil through the Energy Department's entitlements program. It has not even considered placing a new tax on gasoline, or rationing it. Of course the House has done some things about energy, none of them terribly helpful. During the middle of last summer's gasoline shortage, it passed a $1.5 billion synthetic fuels program, which would have brought the nation new sources of energy sometime around 1985. It enacted a misdesigned windfall profits tax that would discourage new exploration and production by taxing it at a rate of 50 to 60 percent. It approved an Energy Mobilization Board which promised to produce no energy, but at a high cost in environmental destruction.

What all this suggests is that the House does not like to do anything about energy. It does, however, like to appear to be doing something about energy. This preference has made itself felt in the latest energy proposal on the House agenda: to create a committee on energy. Last week the Select Committee on Committees approved the final draft of a resolution to create an energy committee, and the full House will consider it as early as the first week of February.

Making a single committee responsible for energy legislation makes perfect sense. No fewer than 83 House committees and subcommittees, including such improbable ones as Judiciary and Post Office and Civil Service, claim some jurisdiction over energy matters. Out of 435 members, 432 serve on at least one of these—everyone, that is, except the Speaker and the two party leaders, who serve on no committees. In practice this means that nearly any committee that really wants to get involved in energy can do so. The Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee's subcommittee on energy and power has broader authority over energy than any other committee, but other committees keep horning in. Last summer, for example, the Banking Committee approved—after one day's consideration—a bill to subsidize the development of synthetic fuels. Alarmed at being upstaged, the Commerce Committee drafted and approved its own synfuels bill. Representative Toby Moffett, a Connecticut Democrat, later explained that the committee felt "no sense of urgency about the issue of conservation, only about beating the Banking Committee to the floor." The Commerce Committee lost the race and the Banking Committee bill was enacted.

A similar problem arose when President Carter proposed his Energy Mobilization Board, whose ostensible purpose was to cut through regulatory red tape and thus hasten the development of synfuels. Both the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee and the Interior Committee approved EMB bills, but sharply different ones. So both bills went to the floor, where the House spent two days debating issues that should have been settled at the committee level, before approving the Commerce bill.

Clearly this is no way to make energy policy. The fragmented jurisdiction and overlapping responsibility on energy matters creates confusion and wastes time and money. The House has failed for three straight years to pass an authorization bill for the Department of Energy (though it has voted appropriations). One reason is that the department's authorization typically is divided into five different bills considered by five committees. Where everyone is responsible for energy, no one is ultimately responsible.

Unfortunately the proposed energy committee wouldn't solve these problems, since it leaves the jurisdiction of most committees essentially untouched. The final version, which was approved last week by the House Select Committee on Committees, does little more than take the responsibility currently held by the Energy and Power Subcommittee and transfer it to a full committee. It avoids several long-standing conflicts among committees, and in fact it even takes some responsibility now held by the Energy Subcommittee and transfers it to the Science and Technology Committee, traditionally a rival. It also leaves the Interior Committee with a good deal of authority to review energy bills with significant environmental effects.

Doubtless one impetus for rearranging energy jurisdictions was the discontent of many members with the current mess. One survey of 200 members by the Select Committee showed that two-thirds wanted the committee system overhauled. But there are political

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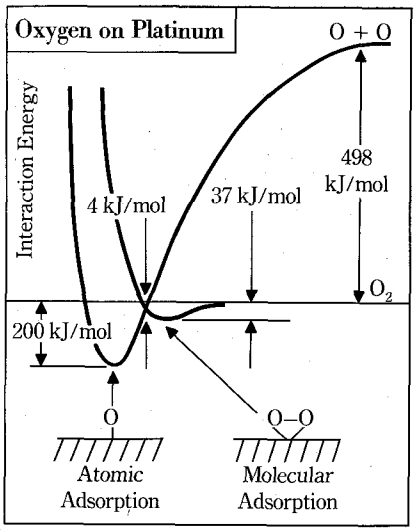
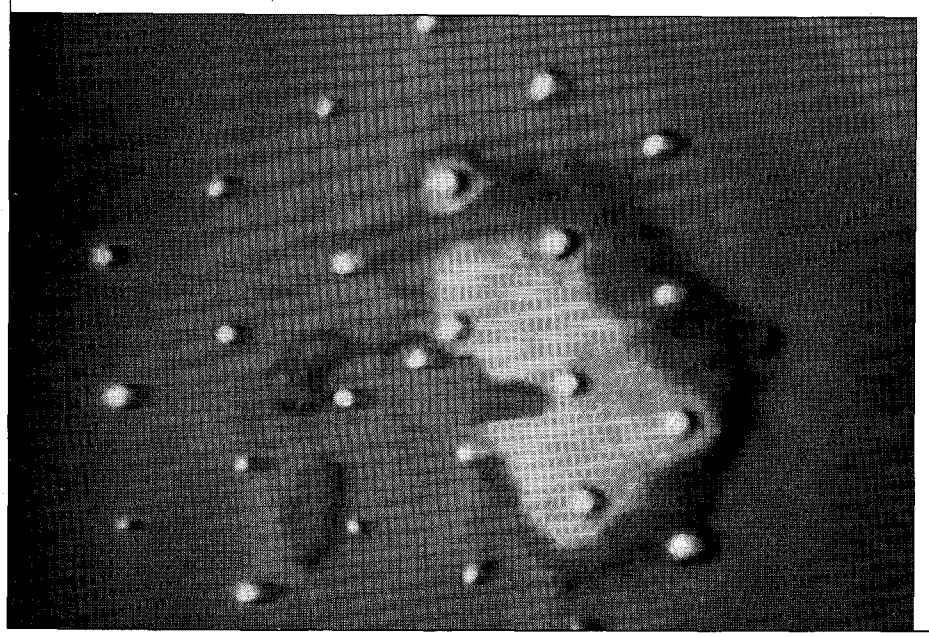
The Atomic Arrangement

In a recent experiment, scientists at the General Motors Research Laboratories studied changes in chemical bonding during the dissociation of oxygen molecules on platinum. Preliminary surface work has explored an interesting new phenomenon: the mechanism of oxygen dissociation over a wide range of temperatures.



A simplified schematic illustrating the reaction potential energy surface for oxygen-adsorption on a close-packed platinum surface.

An electron diffraction pattern which shows diffraction patterns from an oxygen-covered hexagonally close-packed platinum surface at 0° C.



UNDER what conditions will oxygen molecules dissociate into single atoms on a platinum surface? What is the mechanism for oxygen dissociation? Those are the kinds of questions that Dr. John Gland and his colleagues at the General Motors Research Laboratories are investigating to get a better understanding of the chemistry behind catalysis.

Their work has valuable practical implications for the automotive field, where catalysis is used to remove harmful emissions from automobile exhaust. Most cars built in the U.S. use catalytic converters filled with beads containing platinum to chemically transform carbon monoxide and unburned hydrocarbons into harmless CO_2 and water.

While it has long been known that catalysts are an effective way to convert these gases, little is known about precisely why and in what order the basic atomic reactions occur.

In seeking answers to these questions, surface chemists study the elemental composition and geometric arrangement of atoms in the first few atomic layers of the surface and the means by which atoms and molecules from the gas phase bond to the surface.

In his most recent work, Dr. Gland has been studying the adsorption and desorption of oxygen on platinum single-crystal surfaces. This is important because oxygen is the agent that must be adsorbed on the surface to react with carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons to convert them to CO_2.

The experiments were conducted in a stainless steel ultrahigh vacuum system equipped with an electron energy analyzer and a mass spectrometer. The electron energy analyzer allows one to measure the concentration and character of the oxygen adsorbed on the platinum surface. The mass spectrometer is used to measure the desorption of O_2 as the platinum surface is heated. Mathematical analysis of the desorption process allows one to characterize the chemical bond between the oxygen and the platinum surface.

In these experiments, the platinum surface is covered with oxygen at the extremely low temperature of −179°C (almost the temperature of liquid nitrogen) by exposing it to gaseous O_2 molecules. The oxygen remaining in the gas phase is pumped away, and then the desorp-

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tion of oxygen from the surface is observed as the platinum crystal is gradually heated to 1000°C.

The oxygen was found to desorb from the surface in two distinctly different temperature regimes—part at −125°C and the rest at about 425°C. By using the oxygen-18 isotope, it was established that the low temperature desorption represents oxygen that was adsorbed on the surface in a molecular form while the higher temperature desorption corresponds to oxygen adsorbed in the atomic form. From an analysis of the desorption process, it was possible to establish the complete energetics. Oxygen molecules from the gas phase strike the surface and are weakly bound (37 kJ/mol). The adsorbed oxygen molecule can either desorb into the gas phase (37 kJ/mol) or dissociate into atoms (33 kJ/mol). The atoms are bonded very strongly (200 kJ/mol) to the surface.

FROM the desorption analysis, it was also possible to deduce the mechanism for the dissociation process. The interesting conclusion that results is that the formation of O atoms on platinum is a two-step process—oxygen is adsorbed in a molecular state and then dissociates to form atoms.

The GM scientists were most interested in learning how this adsorbed molecular species is bonded to the platinum surface. Fortunately, another technique was available to determine the bonding. The technique is called electron energy-loss spectroscopy and is quite new—there are only six or seven such instruments in the world. The measurements not only confirmed the existence of the adsorbed molecular oxygen but showed that it was bound by the transfer of two electrons from the platinum surface into the antibonding π_g orbitals of oxygen. "This was most exciting" said Dr. Gland, "because this is the first time that this type of oxygen bond has been observed on a metal surface.

"We're getting closer and closer to a more specific understanding of catalysis," says Dr. Gland. "The more we learn about simple chemical systems, the better we'll be able to control more complicated systems. That has excellent implications for protecting the environment."

THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK

Dr. John Gland, 32 years old, is a Senior Research Scientist in surface chemistry at the General Motors Research Laboratories. He heads a group of 7 investigators, 4 with Ph.D.s, all involved in work relating to the basic surface chemistry of catalysis.

A graduate of Whittenberg University in Ohio, Dr. Gland received his Ph.D. in physical chemistry at the University of California, Berkeley, in 1973 and joined the General Motors staff that year.

Dr. Gland comments: "I came to GM Labs because I wanted to get in on the ground floor of an exciting new field. The atmosphere here is very open, with lots of cross-pollination among departments. With several hundred people with Ph.D.s here, we've got a lot of human resources to draw on in all the basic sciences.

"Typically, management defines a broad problem, then we're free to tackle the solution in any way we choose. They give us the freedom, equipment and support to get the job done correctly."

In addition to his research, Dr. Gland enjoys backpacking in Wyoming and in the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California.

GM General Motors
People building transportation to serve people

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Windfall Tax Finale

By the time the windfall profits tax proposed by President Carter reached the House-Senate Conference Committee two weeks ago, the two sides had agreed on how much money they wanted to raise—roughly $227 billion. The dispute came down to a trade-off between two different exemptions: either tax newly discovered oil and exempt some production of older oil by independent oil companies, or else tax all pre-1979 oil and exempt newly discovered oil. Last week the conference committee more or less split the difference, taxing both at a lower rate.

The editors of this journal have endorsed a windfall profits tax (see "How to Tax Oil Companies," *TNR*, December 22, 1979), a position with which I disagree. It seems inconsistent to say on the one hand (as I have) that corporations like Chrysler that lose money should not be rescued, and on the other hand that those that make money deserve punitive taxation for their success. But one need not think this tax a good idea in theory to see that giving a break to independents is a terrible idea, and paying for it by taxing new discoveries an even worse one.

At first the Senate had the right idea about taxing newly discovered oil—i.e., don't tax it at all, since doing so partly defeats the purpose of lifting price controls on domestic oil. If we have oil that can be produced for $24, it makes no sense to leave it in the ground so we can import it for $27. But the committee settled on a 30 percent tax on oil from new wells, which would make the production of $24 oil unprofitable, thus throwing away some of the benefit of decontrol and violating the whole logic of a windfall tax—which is supposed to be a tax on an unexpected increase in the value of something already possessed, like oil in old fields. There isn't any windfall on oil that hasn't yet been found.

The Senate gave in on this point in order to save its special treatment of independent oil producers, whom Texas congressman Charles Wilson refers to as "the little guy in Tyler, Texas, who shoves the family jewels on the table to drill for oil." The fallacy here is thinking that big corporations are run by rich people, and small ones by poor or middle-class people. In fact it is the big oil companies that are owned in large part by middle-class investors and union pension funds, and independents that are frequently owned by a handful of wealthy individuals. Under the Conference Committee agreement, independents will be taxed at a lower rate on the first 1000 barrels a day of pre-1979 oil and oil from "stripper" wells (which produce 10 or fewer barrels per day). A company that sells 1000 barrels a day at $27 will have revenues of more than $10 million a year—not exactly a mom-and-pop operation. The independents say they deserve a break because they drill four out of every five new wells. They don't mention that the major oil companies actually *find* four out of every five new barrels of oil. It may not be possible to design a perfect windfall tax—one that captures the "windfall" without discouraging production—and even if it were I probably wouldn't like it. But it's possible to design one a lot better than this.

S.C.

factors at work too. Many House aides and lobbyists think the real stimulus was the ill will between Speaker O'Neill and Majority Leader Wright on one hand and Congressman John Dingell, who is chairman of the Energy and Power Subcommittee, on the other. Wright, for example, is a Texan who has long favored lifting price controls on oil and natural gas, and it was Dingell who led the fight in 1977-78 to keep controls on natural gas. Dingell also took a dim view of both the Energy Mobilization Board and the synthetic fuels program, which the leadership supported, and came up with his own bills only to retain some influence over the final product. Part of the friction is purely personal. Dingell is a blunt, often arrogant man who is generally respected for his knowledge about energy but disliked for his abrasive personality. So watching him being cut down to size by Wright and O'Neill evokes little sympathy among many of his colleagues.

Taking away Dingell's powerful subcommittee won't necessarily allow the leadership to squelch him, but it will give them at least a chance. If the House creates an energy committee, Dingell will be able to get on it, but he probably will have to fight for the chairmanship. O'Neill and Wright are believed to prefer Thomas Ashley of Ohio, who was chairman of the ad hoc energy committee formed in 1977 to handle the president's huge first energy package. Ashley is "the Speaker's pet," in the words of an aide to a Republican member, primarily because of his success in shepherding Carter's program quickly through the House—a contrast to the plodding pace of the Senate. Dingell also faces a painful dilemma. If he moves to the energy committee, he has a shot at being its first chairman. But if he loses to Ashley he will be no more than the ranking Democrat under a chairman who most likely will be around awhile. If he stays on the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, he will lose his influence over energy policy, but he can expect to become chairman when the current chairman (72-year-old Harley Staggers of West Virignia) retires, which could be as soon as next year. An aide to Dingell says the congressman has made no decision on what he will do if the committee is created. But it is no surprise that Dingell has made it plain that he doesn't like the idea, since leaving the current jurisdictions alone would allow him both to become a committee chairman soon

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and to keep his authority over energy.

Many members simply disagree with Dingell on important energy issues and therefore might be happy to get rid of him. He alienated a lot of members from producing states who favor decontrol by his bitter opposition to removing price controls on natural gas. But some liberals and environmental groups think Dingell is too sympathetic to the oil industry and indifferent to environmental damage. The proposal has drawn some opposition in Dingell's subcommittee, even from members of either party who have frequently clashed with the chairman. Jim Collins, a Texas Republican who says he disagrees with Dingell "most of the time," complains that "this accomplishes nothing. It's been compromised into a disaster." An aide to one Democrat who originally favored creating an energy committee says he may vote against the final version. Some members may worry that if O'Neill and Wright succeed in this power play against Dingell, they may try to undercut other chairmen as well. Almost everyone agrees that the proposal will provoke a bitter fight.

Since the energy committee won't clear out the current logjam, the Select Committee on Committees also has recommended a change in the House rules. As things now stand, a bill that falls under the normal jurisdiction of two committees will be jointly referred to both of them, which means that both must approve the bill before it can be brought up on the floor. The Select Committee would have the energy committee first consider any bill principally concerned with energy, and only then have it referred to any other committee with some interest in the subject at hand—but only for a limited period. If the committee failed to act, the bill would be brought up on the floor anyway. Likewise bills with an energy angle that fall mainly under another committee's authority would be referred second to the energy committee, which would also have only a limited time to consider it. This would help matters, but there is some question whether the report recommendation would be binding on the Speaker. In any event, this approach is a rather clumsy substitute for actually consolidating all energy powers in one committee. It may also evoke opposition from members on committees who would have to send their energy-related bills through the new energy committee.

The current proposal has a better chance of passage than the one offered by another select committee in 1974, which would have done what this one only pretends to do—namely shift nearly all energy authority to one new committee. The virtue of this proposal is that it makes fewer people mad because it diminishes only a few committees' power. The way not to offend anybody is not to do anything, a formula that is at the heart of the proposed energy committee. There is no reason to think that it will make the legislative process much more orderly, much less that it will make difficult decisions over complex and volatile energy issues any easier. But it has one advantage. Next fall, when members campaigning for reelection are asked what they've done to solve the energy crisis, they can answer, "Well, I voted to create a House energy committee." That may not make OPEC tremble, but it sounds better than nothing.

Stephen Chapman

Why we're powerless against Iran.

Hostages of Energy

Surprise. The other major oil-importing democracies have demonstrated less than an overwhelming eagerness to join us in our proposed sanctions against Iran. It turns out that they are quite concerned about their access to Iranian oil, and they fear what an Iranian oil shutoff would do to the world oil market at this hysterical time.

Americans may gnash their teeth at such pusillanimity, but our allies do have impressive reasons for seeing the US proposal as a half-baked scheme. The US initiative was formulated in a way that almost ensured rejection. We were asking our allies for a gesture, while displaying little understanding of the energy positions of the other industrial countries and how they relate to our own energy position.

One thing should have been clear since the crisis began on November 4: the United States's ability to deal with the crisis would be much greater if American demand for foreign oil were reduced. It is obvious that we need to reduce our imports by roughly what Iran is exporting—two million barrels a day—*before* we can reasonably expect the other consumers to go along with us in an embargo. Reducing imports would in effect add that much new "supply" to the world market as an alternative to Iranian oil. It also would be the first significant counter-pressure on the current prices. The Japanese apparently inquired—with some justification—whether America would help to replace the 500,000 or so barrels a day they would lose from Iran. Part of the answer, unfortunately, is already in US legislation, which forbids the export of Alaskan oil—i.e., to Japan. The only other way we could help "replace" that 500,000 barrels is by reducing our take on the world market.

Without such a reduction the effort to punish the Iranians by cutting off trade actually would end up hurting oil consumers more than the target. Our unilateral embargo against Iranian oil, announced last November, illustrates the problem. It has not hurt Iran. What it has done is to produce a shuffling around of barrels on the world oil market, probably contributing to upward pressures on price. This is not an argument in favor of buying Iranian oil. It is an argument about

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how to make a ban effective.

These difficulties in producing an effective sanction against Iran are the latest, and perhaps among the most costly, examples of a continuing failure: the inability to connect what is happening on the international scene (both politically and in the oil market) with US domestic energy policy. We are the world's largest consumer of oil. The United States is the Saudi Arabia of consumption. For that reason, how much the US consumes has as great an effect on the rest of the world as how much Saudi Arabia produces. America uses a third of all the oil used in the world every day. One out of nine barrels of oil used in the world is burned as gasoline on American roads. About 45 percent of our oil is currently imported, making us the largest buyer of oil in the world—taking about a quarter of OPEC's entire production. Our oil imports actually doubled between 1972 and 1978. A reduction in our imports of two million barrels a day would have the same effect as adding a second Kuwait to the supply side—or more to the point, a new Iran. Current levels of dependence make us highly vulnerable.

The fact that this connection is not clear—and is not a basis of US policy—constitutes a major political failure. Reasonable excuses can be offered to explain away this failure up to January 1979. This was a period of Indian summer in the oil market. The Carter administration had introduced a sensible energy package in 1977, only to see it torn up from all sides. But the overthrow of the shah of Iran set in motion the second energy shock, and should have produced a series of new responses. Early on, last April, Carter took one vital step—he announced the staged decontrol of domestic oil prices. For this he deserves a lot of credit.

But the rest of the year was a time of missed opportunity. The synthetic fuels program, announced in July, meant a major diversion of attention and money away from the problem at hand to something that will have no impact until the 1990s. It is as if the patient was suffering a massive hemorrhage (and the United States is such a patient)—$1.7 billion a *week* to pay for oil imports—and the prescribed remedy was setting up a Keogh retirement plan.

No doubt it was thought that the massive synfuels program would be politically popular. But there seems to have been a great increase in public sophistication about energy during 1979. In the last year, I have spoken about energy in almost every part of the country, and I carry away a strong sense that the public's willingness to face this problem has grown greatly. Indeed, I think that the public's courage about energy is now greater than that of its political leaders in Washington. Opinion polls bear me out. The Carter administration and the Congress are afraid of public intolerance that no longer exists. The ayatollah and his "students" have had a profound impact. The public has been taught a vivid lesson on the dangers of overdependence.

The current crisis has provided an opportunity to take the emergency steps necessary to help protect us against this overdependence. The place to start is with gasoline. Remember: one out of nine barrels of oil used in the world every day is burned as gasoline on American highways. There are three things that can be done about gasoline consumption. One is to do nothing. That would be the worst course. It would mean gas lines and no significant reduction in US consumption—and therefore higher prices and continuing high dependence on the Persian Gulf. That is the current course.

The other two possible responses are a gas tax and rationing. Neither is perfect. Both are better than doing nothing. Until recently, I tended to favor a gas tax. It involves less direct administration, and appears more flexible. A gas tax can be rebated or, as Congressman John Anderson has argued, can be used to replace another tax such as social security. It makes sense to tax something that is scarce and insecure.

But changing circumstances make the case for rationing much stronger. We are now in an energy emergency. A gas tax may be too uncertain in such circumstances, since no one knows how much demand will go down in response to any price hike. Moreover, prices have been moving up smartly because of what's happening on the world market—and will continue to do so as a result of decontrol. There are important equity issues involved. A rebate system could be just as complex to administer as rationing, but some argue that the Congress is suffering from "tax exhaustion."

Rationing involves obvious administrative questions, including the headache of exemptions. It also would take a longer time to start up. On the other hand, it does provide more clearly apparent equity, since everyone would receive a basic entitlement. A target—two million fewer barrels a day, a reduction of a little over 25 percent—could be set and achieved. The administration of such a program may be less complex than many critics suggest. The most sensible plan might well be a hybrid—a basic rationing entitlement, with additional gasoline available, but carrying a tax of anywhere from 25 to 50 cents more per gallon. The rationing could eventually phase out into a tax. And perhaps we should try the gasoline tax first. What we should not do is argue endlessly over which is better. We should take a major step to restrain gasoline demand.

Any such step to reduce our gasoline consumption dramatically would strengthen our hand considerably with the other Western countries. It certainly would improve our position with the producers, and it would give us more maneuverability in coping with unfolding events. It also would save this country a pile of money—almost $500 million a week. If this type of action had been taken a year ago, we might very well be paying about the same price for oil today that we paid at the end of 1978.

Most politicians seem to operate on the assumption that the Declaration of Independence assures life,

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liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and cheap and abundant gasoline. But expense and insecurity now govern our oil supplies. To date, the only candidate who had the courage to face up to the true implications of our position is John Anderson, with his 50 cents a gallon tax. The rest are off thundering the most irrelevant nonsense. To talk about coal is to talk about something that will take a decade to become a significant substitute for imported oil. Nuclear power does not have a great deal to do with imported oil in any event.

The impatience and unease of the public grows. I suspect that those public officials who ducked the issue will be penalized next November by their constituents, who be then will be able to tell the difference between those who tried to protect the country and its energy position and those who prevaricated.

How will the current flailings look from the perspective of some years from now? The fabled breed known as future historians will be amazed that such obviously sensible steps were not taken. Beyond that, they surely will not be able to contain their irony and scorn at the costly irrelevance of our national debate on energy—and their disdain at the irresponsibility of those who simply would not face a rather ugly reality.

Daniel Yergin

Daniel Yergin is co-author of *Energy Future: Report of the Energy Project at the Harvard Business School* (Random House).

Free speech and William O. Douglas.

Brandeis's Successor

Free speech in American history ebbs and flows. The 1920s were low tide for free speech, the 1930s to the end of World War II were mostly high, 1946 to the late 1950s (the McCarthy period) very low, the 1960s a period of fighting back, and the 1970s a decade of relative placidity. Bill Douglas rode that roller coaster from law student days in the 1920s to the end of his life on January 19. He was a stout fellow in the dips and the extraordinary power of his dissents gave a rallying point to those who followed.

When Louis Brandeis left the Court in 1939, Douglas was the ideal successor. He provided continuity in his approach to regulation of business, in his way of getting at the law, and, above all, in free speech. His work at the SEC gave him grounding as a Brandeis successor. The principal statute he administered was modeled on the Brandeis plans of the Woodrow Wilson era. The basic Brandeis premise of security regulation was full disclosure: let the people know, and they will make a good choice. Douglas bought that concept. Like Brandeis, he carried it over from the economic to the political world. Let people know, and they can make their own choice. Nothing must impede the freedom of knowing: Douglas carried on the tradition of his great predecessor.

Never was this more true than in Douglas's dissent in *Dennis v. United States*. The issue was what action, if any, should be taken against the leaders of the American Communist party. Douglas followed the views expressed by Justice Brandeis a quarter of a century before. Brandeis had expounded the principle that speech could be punished in the American tradition only where a serious and immediate injury would be done to the country by allowing the speech to continue. Brandeis said, and Douglas agreed, that "if there be time to expose through discussion the falsehood and fallacies, to avert the evil by the processes of education, the remedy to be applied is more speech, not enforced silence."

Applying these principles, Douglas turned to the Communist party in the United States as it existed in 1951. He listed the works of Marx and Lenin, works in which, as he saw them, "the ugliness of Communism is revealed, its deceit and cunning are exposed, the nature of its activities becomes apparent, and the chances of its success less likely." He then recited his own basic belief about America:

> Full and free discussion has indeed been the first article of our faith. We have founded our political system on it. It has been the safeguard of every religious, political, philosophical, economic, and racial group amongst us. We have counted on it to keep us from embracing what is cheap and false; we have trusted the common sense of our people to choose the doctrine true to our genius and to reject the rest. This has been the one single outstanding tenet that has made our institutions the symbol of freedom and equality. We have deemed it more costly to liberty to suppress a despised minority than to let them vent their spleen.

At the time of *Dennis*, Douglas accepted the Brandeis view that "when conditions are so critical that there will be no time to avoid the evil that the speech threatens, it is time to call a halt," but he found nothing of the sort in the case before him. The advocacy of domestic communism presented no clear and present danger. "Some nations less resilient than the United States, where illiteracy is high and where democratic traditions are only budding, might have to take drastic steps and jail these men for merely speaking their creed. But in America they are miserable merchants of unwanted ideas; their wares remain unsold."

Douglas's free speech conceptions changed with time. If Justice Black was the philosopher of free speech, Douglas was its historian. Look at the headings in his *Almanac of Liberty*: the trial of Zenger, the law of obscenity, taxes on knowledge, dilution of the First Amendment, the trial of Dorothy Bailey, Milton on freedom of the press, and countless more. Douglas knew where liberty had been and where it should go.

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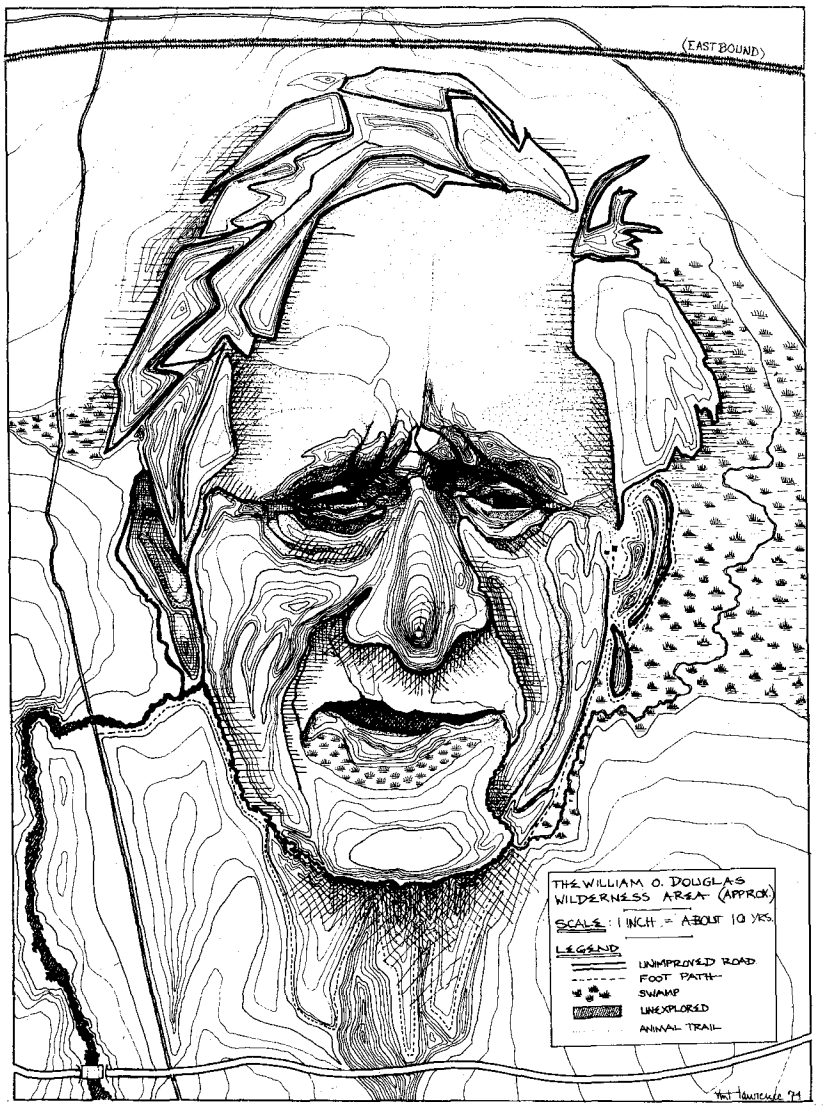

drawing of William O. Douglas by Vint Lawrence

Time taught Douglas that the Holmes-Brandeis approach to free speech was not good enough. A "clear and present danger" standard made it too easy for the nervous to find that danger lurks whenever the howls grow loud. Douglas moved on to the position that freedom of speech and of the press are "absolute." In this spirit he approached problems Brandeis had never thought of: the world of symbolic speech, the world of speech and action.

Brandeis had World War I, a largely popular war, to deal with. Douglas had Vietnam. Brandeis had the first faint stirrings of the move for racial equality. Douglas had the demonstrations. The world of black armbands, sit-ins, demonstrations at the court house, large-scale political resistance to military service were the Douglas world. To an extent our generation can scarcely recall, the rebels of the Brandeis day were rebels with civility. Douglas had to apply his principles to "Fuck the draft" on the back of a jacket.

The new problems called for new and tight analysis. No one supposes that the speech of a group conspiring to commit murder, or picketing to force violation of the antitrust laws, or falsely shouting fire in a crowded theater are immune to social control. This, Douglas said, is "speech brigaded with action." When a traitor acted against the United States, Douglas would surely convict him. He had endless toleration of difference of opinion, but none for deeds against the country.

Douglas understood that in a nation as large as this one a pamphlet has little impact. People have no effective means of expressing their views except by physically massing together. So long as this was peaceful, he was for it. This was the problem when students in a small Florida town gathered at the jail to protest segregation policies and related arrests. One issue was whether a jail area is a proper place for protests. Douglas declared it to be "one of the seats of government, whether it be the Tower of London, the Bastille, or a small county jail." Hence, when he posed the question of whether it was a proper place for protests, he found that:

> . . . [W]hen it houses political prisoners or those whom many think are unjustly held, it is an obvious center for protest. The right to petition for the redress of grievances has an ancient history and is not limited to writing a letter or sending a telegram to a congressman; it is not confined to appearing before the local city council, or writing letters to the President or Governor or Mayor.

Douglas faced squarely the fundamental problem; he found mass protest an essential of modern life if people are to be heard:

> Legislators may turn deaf ears, formal complaints may be routed endlessly through a bureaucratic maze, courts may let the wheels of justice grind very slowly. Those who cannot afford to advertise in newspapers or circulate elaborate pamphlets may have only a more limited type of access to public officials. Their methods should not be condemned as tactics of obstruction and harassment as long as the assembly and petition are peaceable, as these were.

Closely related to the right to communicate and the right to hear is its reverse, the right to be let alone. The common law right of privacy is fundamentally the legal creation of Justice Brandeis. Justice Douglas put a constitutional basis under that right. If organizations must disclose their membership, it becomes easier to take action against the members. This was a real concern, especially in the desegregation battle. Douglas saw the matter practically: "Unpopular groups, like popular ones, are protected. Unpopular ones, if forced to disclose their membership lists may suffer reprisals or other forms of public hostility. But whether a group is popular or unpopular, the right of privacy implicit in the First Amendment creates an area into which the government may not enter."

This is true because "the views the citizen entertains, the beliefs he harbors, the utterances he makes, the ideology he embraces and the people he associates with are no concern of government." If an organization were engaged in some criminal conduct, then it could be

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prosecuted and its members could be investigated. But there was no suggestion of anything criminal about any of the activities of the NAACP. The possibility that it may have some members who have committed crimes is immaterial: "one man's privacy may not be invaded because of another's perversity."

Douglas concluded, "Where government is the Big Brother, privacy gives way to surveillance. But our commitment is otherwise. By the First Amendment we have staked our security on freedom to promote a multiplicity of ideas, to associate at will with kindred spirits, and to defy governmental intrusion into these precincts."

For these many years, William O. Douglas has stood on the ramparts in defense of the liberties of the individual American citizen. He has had his successes and his failures; these have been hard years. But if the symbolic 1984 never comes, and if Big Brother never does get his grip on the throat of every American citizen, no person will deserve more credit for the resistance than William O. Douglas.

John P. Frank

John P. Frank, a Pheonix lawyer, was a law clerk for Justice Douglas. He is the author of *The Warren Court*.

Pakistan's unrequited friendship with the United States.

Tilt Time Again

Now that the Soviet Union has invaded Afghanistan, the United States has come to the belated conclusion that it should help to rearm Pakistan, which may well be the next Russian target in southwest Asia. American policy toward Pakistan has been extraordinarily erratic over the last 20 years. Most of that time the United States has treated one of our few Asian allies with extreme thoughtlessness. The way the new aid was offered created more bitterness instead of a sense of revived alliance. Successive Washington administrations have obsessively courted India, never a friend of the United States, at the expense of Pakistan, which always maintained a strongly pro-Western orientation. Enmity between India and Pakistan goes back to the 1947 partition. American planners endlessly strove to create the illusion of an even-handed policy, usually creating only resentment on both sides. The Carter administration is still trying it now.

Taking Pakistan for granted, a basic policy error, American administrations going back to Harry Truman and Dwight Eisenhower have concentrated on attracting India to the Western sphere of influence. But Indian rulers, from Jawaharlal Nehru to his daughter Indira Gandhi, have maintained attitudes of belligerant neutralism, inevitably finding the United States at fault in every world crisis. The simplistic judgment in Washington during the 1950s was that because of its fear of India, ever so much more powerful, Pakistan had no choice but to side with the West. This was before the Soviet-Chinese split and at a time when the United States believed Peking was as great an adversary as Moscow. Consequently John Foster Dulles, busy building worldwide anti-communist alliances, persuaded Pakistan to join CENTO (the Central Treaty Organization) along with Turkey, Iraq (then still a conservative monarchy), and Iran. The United States also provided both Pakistan and India with massive wheat shipments on long-term credit under Public Law 480. Both countries had access to American arms as well, even though Pakistan was formally an ally. India practiced its brand of neutralism through the Afro-Asian bloc which, in time, evolved into the non-aligned movement. But the United States, slapped around as it was by Nehru and his profoundly anti-American defense minister, Krishna Menon, still yearned for a love affair with India, "the world's greatest democracy." Nobody worried too much about the Pakistanis. (See "The US in Asia After Vietnam," *TNR*, August 2 & 9, 1975.)

By 1962, when the mountain war broke out between China and India, Nehru had established close ties with the Soviet Union, notwithstanding his "non-alignment" posture. But the Russians refused to supply military equipment to India, not wanting to be caught in a conflict-by-proxy with China. Nehru therefore turned to the United States for arms, and President Kennedy, seeing an opportunity to co-opt India, quickly obliged. China was still perceived in Washington as an enemy. The Kennedy administration accepted the Indian claim that the Chinese had started the war, though subsequent research suggests that it might have been the other way around. It had occurred to Kennedy that giving extra arms to India might upset Pakistan, but the conventional wisdom was that the Pakistanis, out of necessity, would remain friendly to the United States and disregard military aid to India. In every sense, Pakistan was treated paternalistically. This was about the time Lyndon Johnson visited Pakistan as vice president, and invited a camel driver to his Texas ranch, where the lucky fellow was presented with a useless truck.

But the Pakistanis were beginning to think of other options, feeling insecure with the United States as their principal protector and ally. Zulfikqar Ali Bhutto, then a young foreign minister, flew to Peking in 1964, a year and a half after the Indian-Chinese war, to improve relations with China. President Johnson's response was instant and petulant: he stopped American assistance in building a new international airport at Rawalpindi which was intended to serve Islamabad, the new capital. This started the cycle of American-Pakistani misunderstandings that continued until 1980, when United

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President Zia of Pakistan Dismisses US Aid Offer as "Peanuts"—*News Item*

Says Pakistan's Zia:
"The very idea
is far too absurd to discuss.
You people must *be* nuts
To offer such peanuts
as 400 million to us.

"Though peanuts may do
for your Washington crew,
your stinginess ought to abash you.
If you want us to spar
With the USSR
You'd better come up with a cashew!"

Felicia Lamport

Felicia Lamport's book, *Light Metres*, will be published next November by Everest House.

States perceptions were suddenly changed by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.

After the war between India and Pakistan in 1965, the United States imposed an arms embargo against both countries. This embargo was maintained for well over a decade. It was nonsensical to present this policy as "even-handed" because India, the subcontinent's big power, not only was receiving weapons from the Soviet Union, but, with Soviet aid, had developed its own defense industry, producing MiG jet engines, tanks, and so on. Soviet-Indian relations were growing warmer and warmer. President Kennedy's military support for India in 1962 brought absolutely no political results.

As it happened, the Pakistanis understood better than the Americans the complex realities of the subcontinent and the roles played by the Soviet Union and China. But American views were changing, too, as the Nixon administration began its gradual rapprochement with Peking. The same Pakistanis who were berated by Lyndon Johnson six years earlier for their warm ties with China now became the instrument of the new American policy. From October 1970 until the late spring of 1971, Pakistani president Yahya Khan was the secret channel of communications between Washington and Peking. When the Chinese used this channel to invite Henry Kissinger to undertake his secret mission to their capital, he left from Rawalpindi airport, ironically, on his first flight to Beijing in July 1971. This was a great favor Pakistan did for the United States.

Even as Kissinger was in China, a separatist rebellion was spreading in East Pakistan, with India openly supporting the Bangladesh independence movement. At the same time India and Pakistan were at war over Bangladesh, an emotional conflict in which most of the American opinion sided with the rebels, primarily because of the atrocities the Pakistani army perpetrated against them. Nixon and Kissinger came under savage criticism when they ordered the so-called "tilt" toward Pakistan, concerned that, having conquered Bangladesh, the Indians would strike at West Pakistan. The presence of the US naval task force in the Indian Ocean, meant as a warning to both India and the Soviet Union, was roundly denounced at home. In retrospect, this criticism seems unfair. For once the United States acted wisely in the subcontinent. Pakistan's dismemberment could not be tolerated, for obvious strategic reasons.

After the 1971 war, American-Pakistani relations were in suspended animation. The Nixon administration refused to lift the 1965 arms embargo, though during the war it allowed the transfer to the Pakistanis of a handful of American-built jet warplanes owned by Iran and Jordan. While India kept building its military might with Soviet help, Pakistani armed forces had to be content with obsolete equipment: its aircraft were a mix of ancient US-made jet fighters of the Korean War vintage and ill-matched British and French planes. This still is the equipment of the Pakistani air force.

Even after India exploded its atomic device in 1974, the United States maintained the military embargo against Pakistan. India received no more than a mild tongue-lashing from Washington for secretly developing the nuclear weapon. Indian-American relations became abominable under Indira Gandhi, but Washington still would not abandon its dream of a love affair with India.

By contrast, when Pakistan signed an agreement with France for the construction of a nuclear power reactor capable of reprocessing spent uranium into plutonium, the raw material for nuclear bombs, the US mounted a major effort to squash the deal. Brazil had a similar agreement with West Germany, but the US pressure on the Brazilians was ultimately removed. And the US kept supplying India with enriched uranium even though it had an operational plutonium reprocessing plant, until Congress put an end to this in 1978. Pakistan insisted all along it had no intention of assembling nuclear weapons from the projected French installation, but the US would not believe it.

Only when France decided to cancel the contract did the Carter administration partially lift the arms embargo against Pakistan, though aircraft sales were still banned. The dispute was reopened early in 1979, when the US announced it had reasons to believe the Pakistanis were secretly working on nuclear weapons. Invoking legislation barring military assistance to countries engaged in the production of nuclear arms, the Carter administration reimposed the embargo last April. This was one of its most foolish decisions. To antagonize Pakistan, the only pro-Western anchor in the region, so soon after the Ayatollah Khomeini had won power in neighboring Iran, was thoughtless and imprudent, as events soon proved.

The administration's reasons for moving against

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Pakistan were mysterious. Pakistan refused to make a formal commitment that it never would go nuclear, although it kept denying that it actually was working on the bomb. The law does provide that countries refusing to take the pledge are to be deprived of US military aid, but the Carter administration has singled out Pakistan in enforcing the legislation. Israel, which is widely believed to possess nuclear weapons, never made such a pledge, and there is no question of interrupting military assistance to the Jerusalem government. There are other examples involving nuclear threshold countries. Now the Carter administration is terribly anxious to arm Pakistan. But, having invoked nuclear legislation, Carter must request Congress to override his own ban and authorize military aid, a time-consuming process.

Even after it finally decided to strengthen Pakistan militarily, the Carter administration acted half-heartedly, again upsetting Islamabad and doing little to put the fear of God in the hearts of the Russians if they, indeed, are contemplating an invasion or dismemberment of the country (the latter involving the creation of an "autonomous" Baluchistan). The $200 million in arms over the next two years won't do much to change the strategic balance in the southwest Asia crisis area; even a higher amount probably would make no difference if Moscow desires a war. In fact, it signals to the Russians that the US is not really committed to Pakistan's defense. As a result the worried Pakistanis may seek an accommodation with the Soviet Union, opening the Indian Ocean to Russians.

Finally, there is the Indian question. The newly reelected Gandhi seems unable to make up her mind whether she approves of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. She has expressed contradictory public attitudes on the subject. The Carter administration finds it necessary to reassure her that the pittance in military aid offered to Pakistan is not directed against India. Moreover, out of their anxiety to buy Indian good will in the present crisis, the Carter people are contemplating a presidential waiver of the present ban on shipping enriched uranium for the Indian nuclear industry, even though New Delhi refuses to accept full international safeguards and inspection to prevent weapon production. India never was an ally of the US. Pakistan has been an ally in a variety of ways. But once more the US cannot bring itself to reciprocate even when our own basic interests are at stake. How, then, does the Carter administration expect to encourage its allies to remain America's allies?

Tad Szulc

An unwanted leftover controversy from Vietnam.

The Case of the White Viet Cong

by Zalin Grant

Is Marine Private First Class Robert Garwood, soon to be tried for collaborating with the enemy in Vietnam, just the latest victim of that terrible war? Or is he a white Viet Cong (ret.) who carried an AK-47 rifle, sometimes guarded American prisoners of war, and led enemy patrols?

Through a series of coincidences, my involvement with the Garwood case goes back to the day he disappeared. At the time, I was doing my military service as an Army intelligence officer in Danang. Later, after I returned to cover Vietnam as a journalist, and finally when I did a book on prisoners of war, reports of Bob Garwood kept popping up.

His background was fairly common for a young Marine of that era. He grew up in Indianapolis, the son of divorced parents. He dropped out of high school and joined the Marine Corps when he was 17 years old to escape a difficult family situation. After training in California and Okinawa, he was sent to Vietnam in mid-1965 as a jeep driver.

On September 28, 1965, Garwood, then 19, checked out a jeep from the motor pool and disappeared without a trace during broad daylight in the heavily populated outskirts of Danang. There were no reports at the time that he had been captured or was involved in a shoot-out with enemy forces. He'd recently had a dispute with his sergeant. Marine investigating officers immediately suspected that he had deserted. I suspected at the time

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that Garwood probably was making unauthorized use of the jeep to look for a girlfriend and had been picked up by the VC at sundown without a fight. At the court-martial, which is expected to take place in a few weeks at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, the Marine Corps will try to prove that Garwood deserted. Garwood will claim that he was captured after a firefight in which he killed two or three Viet Cong.

Although the truth of how Garwood fell into Viet Cong hands may never be known, the next phase of his life is undisputed. He was taken to a prisoner of war camp in the jungled mountains west of Danang. The Danang prison was actually a series of camps run by the same group of Viet Cong and North Vietnamese. It was the worst camp for American POWs of the Vietnam war. The compound was hacked out of triple canopy jungle. The prisoners slept in a leaking thatched hut, jammed together on a platform of hard bamboo, protected from the cold mountain nights by a burlap bag. Their clothing was ragged, they went barefoot, toothbrushes were unknown. In order to survive, the Americans were forced to gather manioc, a potato-like tuber, from distant mountainsides, near-killing work in their weakened state. Of the 33 prisoners who passed through the Danang camp, 13 died. Six (including Garwood) were released before the end of the war. The 14 who survived to the end, including two West German nurses, did so just barely.

Bob Garwood was one of the first American Marines to be captured in Vietnam. He was held in the Danang camp with only a few other Americans during the early days. One of the other early prisoners, who later died, told newly arriving POWs that Garwood had collaborated with the Viet Cong, even to the point of informing on two Americans when they tried to escape.

In mid-1967, after being held about 18 months, Garwood underwent a symbolic release ceremony staged by the Viet Cong. The official Viet Cong radio station announced that he had been freed. But he failed to show up at American lines. Two other American prisoners went through the same type of release ceremony a few months later (possibly because they were Puerto Ricans). They gave the first reports that Garwood had crossed over to the Viet Cong side. The Pentagon continued to deposit his salary in his account, but froze his rank at private first class. He was the only POW of the war not to be promoted routinely with his contemporaries.

In early 1968, most of the POWs who are now testifying against Garwood were captured and taken to the Danang camp. They have said they saw him at the camp—after his release—carrying a rifle and a battery-amplified bullhorn which he supposedly used on operations to encourage US forces to defect. They said that he lived with the guards and a translator, that he had free run of the camp, and that he sometimes left and returned alone.

A key charge against Garwood is that on one occasion he allegedly punched a POW in the ribs. The incident occurred one night after the Americans had been driven by hunger to kill the camp cat. They were caught in the act, and Garwood was on the Viet Cong side in meting out the punishment that followed. But there also will be testimony that on a few occasions he secretly helped the POWs obtain additional food. He let them listen to a Voice of America radio program, contrary to VC regulations. And it was Garwood who placed markers on the graves of the POWs who died.

The attitude of the former POWs toward Garwood is complicated. They believe he crossed over to the Viet Cong side to save his own skin, and that his actions toward them reflected this. They say, for example, that when Garwood gave them additional food, he insisted on taking the best share of it for himself. When he let them listen to the radio, it was because he wanted to listen and was lonely for conversation among his own kind. Yet they also show a certain ambivalence in speaking about Garwood because all of them cooperated with the Viet Cong to the extent of signing propaganda leaflets. And their own actions toward each other were sometimes brutal in the survival atmosphere of the camp.

The most interesting and disturbing aspect of the case concerns facts about Garwood that are much less certain than his behavior inside the camp. Did he actually fight on the other side? In July 1968, a Marine reconnaissance patrol encountered a group of North Vietnamese and Viet Cong in the jungle reasonably close to the approximate location of the Danang prison camp. The enemy group was led by an armed white man. The outnumbered Marines engaged the enemy in a brief firefight and hastily withdrew. They believed they had killed the white man in the fight, but were unable to find his body when they returned later. Four of them identified the Caucasian from a photo file of missing Americans as Private Garwood. I interviewed the members of the Marine recon patrol shortly after the incident, and wrote about it for *The New Republic* ("American Defectors With the Viet Cong," *TNR*, September 7, 1968). Bob Garwood has scars from two gunshot wounds in his left arm, still carries three or four pieces of shrapnel in his upper back, and has other scars that could be interpreted as battle wounds. He says they were incurred when he was captured.

Ten years of Garwood's life in Vietnam are unaccounted for. He was last seen by the POWs at the Danang camp in 1969. In 1979, he walked into the bar of the Cuban hotel in Hanoi and handed a Finnish diplomat a note with his name and serial number, and said he wanted to go home. Coincidentally or not, Garwood chose to leave Hanoi when it appeared Vietnam was about to get into a devastating war with China. In fact, the story of Garwood's return broke the day it was learned that Chinese troops had overrun the strategic Vietnamese town of Lang Son.

The Vietnamese were ready to let Garwood go home, but they were upset by press reports describing him as

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an unrepatriated POW, and they held up his return until the State Department wrote them a note saying the US understood Hanoi's interpretation of his actual status. The Vietnamese maintained that Garwood had switched sides as a matter of conscience, and had stayed behind voluntarily when other American POWs were released in 1973. What was Garwood doing those 10 years? His civilian lawyer Dermot Foley says he was a Vietnamese prisoner the whole time. Foley himself is an interesting aspect of the story. An accomplished corporation lawyer, 48 years old, Foley has served since 1974 as the counsel for the National League of POW/MIA Families. His younger brother, an Air Force major, disappeared on a reconnaissance flight over North Vietnam on Thanksgiving Day in 1967. Foley has fought successfully in the courts to keep the government from declaring those still missing as dead without an official hearing.

Foley believes some Americans, possibly including his brother, are still alive and being detained by Hanoi. He is negotiating a book contract on Garwood's behalf, and has suggested that the Marine may have knowledge of Americans in Vietnam to trade in a plea bargain. Vietnamese refugees have said Americans are still being held, and Foley is going to use the court-martial to publicize the issue. Are the refugee reports true? No one knows for sure, of course, but the old hands at the State Department and the CIA who have worked on the problem for years don't believe the stories. Foley's involvement in the Garwood case has caused problems within the National League of POW/MIA Families. Many supporters of the League consider Garwood a traitor, and they are particularly incensed that Foley has not allowed Garwood to tell what he knows, if anything, about the Americans still in Vietnam.

Before Foley got to him, Garwood said that he had betrayed not the American people but the American government. Foley claims the statement, like all of Garwood's actions in Vietnam, was made under duress. Garwood has said little since. He was considered a rather unimpressive figure by his high school classmates. But Garwood, now 33, has changed during the years of hardship and adventure in the jungle. He doesn't appear to fit the conventional idea of the weak turncoat who cracked under pressure. The POWs at the Danang camp considered him reasonably intelligent and very adept with his hands. He reportedly won the respect of the Viet Cong and, in an ambivalent way, even that of the POWs for his abilities as a guerrilla.

He is tall, a little over six feet, and well built. His dark hair is thinning and he has put on too much weight too fast since he got back. But he remains sulkily handsome up close in a way his news photographs don't show. And he has the look of a guy who can take care of himself. During a recent brawl off-post near Camp Lejeune, which was hushed up by the local police, Garwood beat his opponent so badly that the man had to be hospitalized.

Since childhood, Garwood has been remembered for his ingratiating manner and a capacity to adapt to any situation. POWs have said Garwood assumed the mannerisms of a Vietnamese so completely that it seemed to go beyond mere emulation. During the 10 unaccounted-for years, his command of English suffered to a remarkable degree. Lawyer Foley has said that at first he communicated with Garwood through an interpreter. He said Garwood, used to wearing Asian sandals, even h d forgotten how to tie shoelaces.

Garwood now lives with Mrs. Donna Long, 36, a POW accountability activist whose husband brought Garwood home to stay with them and their two children after the windows in his barracks room were broken one night. Mr. Long was killed in a motorcycle accident last September, and Garwood has stayed on. He still speaks English with an accent.

The Marine Corps's indecisiveness about Garwood's status has complicated the case, and confused the public and press as to what is going on. On four occasions during the war years the Corps started to change Garwood's status from POW to deserter but turned back at the last moment, perhaps fearing, among other things, the unfavorable publicity that would follow an admission that one of its own had joined the enemy.

Then when Garwood left Hanoi for home last year, the Marine Corps ignored State Department advice that he be given a chance to explain himself in a relaxed and informal setting. Instead, they grabbed Garwood, read him his rights, and told him he faced charges that could lead to his execution. For all that, the Marine Corps has been scrupulous about due process and Garwood is well represented by Dermot Foley and two military lawyers.

The case is complex, filled with moral ambiguities, and much of the testimony in the pre-court martial hearing at Camp Lejeune has been muddled. As a result, the public perception seems to be one of confusion, combined with the uneasy feeling that a former POW is being unfairly punished. Charges of collaboration with the enemy brought against other POWs, including a Marine lieutenant colonel, were dropped after the POWs returned home in 1973.

But unlike past cases of collaboration in Korea and Vietnam, which mainly involved propaganda activities, Bob Garwood is charged with having joined the enemy as a rifle-carrying guerrilla who took direct and hostile action against fellow Americans. As unwanted as the case is, it really can't be dismissed as if the charges, if true, are no more than understandable conduct under the circumstances.

Not long ago, Garwood sat in the small courtroom at Camp Lejeune and listened impassively as explosions from a nearby training exercise played a counterpoint to testimony of witnesses that he had once been a white Viet Cong named Huynh Chien Dao. His shoes were highly spit-shined, his uniform neatly pressed. He looked more like a Marine than anyone else in the room.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Dreaming of Hitler

The most important fact now about Adolf Hitler is that he was good—in the eyes of many, many millions of people. To think of him and his friends as gangsters who took over an innocent country (which is what Brecht says in his bad play *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*) is to miss or conceal this continuingly important fact. Most people in two nations, Germany and Austria, along with plenty of sympathizers elsewhere, thought that Hitler was a rigorous, inspiring god who dispensed good. Kenneth Burke said, when he reviewed *Mein Kampf* on its American publication, "Above all, I believe, we must make it apparent that Hitler appeals by relying on a bastardization of fundamentally religious patterns of thought." The Hitlerian zealots, party members or not, believed that they were doing right.

If that point is missed, if Hitler is seen only as a drooling homicidal maniac at the head of millions of other drooling maniacs, the enormity of what happened is slighted. It is tucked away, wrapped, disposed of. If the point is grasped, then caverns of mystery and despair and fright, great and appropriate, open within us.

It is this hardest of horrors—the fact that Hitler was *loved* by millions, that he was not a murderous careerist who struck it lucky but the embodiment of vast frustrations and hates and desires who was adored for his incarnation of them, that the people who adored him were not Martians but members of the human race to whom we all are tied—it is this horror that Hans-Jürgen Syberberg addresses in his seven-hour work, *Our Hitler: A Film from Germany*. Please note: *this is not a documentary*. I emphasize this matter because it was not clear when the film was shown, in three installments, on the BBC last summer: I was there at the time and read reviews that treated it as an oddly failed documentary. The picture has no smallest ambition toward historical summary or completeness: only in the last of its four sections are there even a few feet of newsreel film (although there is much interweaving of recorded historical voices throughout). *Our Hitler* is a work of the imagination—a vaulting, fearless, sometimes foolish, sometimes misguided and bloated but essentially stunning imagination.

This film, though mammoth, is the last part of a Syberberg trilogy. I haven't seen the other two parts, one on Ludwig II of Bavaria, who appears as a puppet and a child in this film, and one on Karl May, the German author of Westerns who was a Hitler favorite. I've seen one previous Syberberg film, *The Confessions of Winifred Wagner* (*TNR*, April 1, 1978), which was condensed here from its original five hours to 104 minutes and was subsequently shown on PBS. This *was* a documentary, staggering: and its chief theme, the relation between Wagner and Hitler, obviously has bearing on the new work. (I saw the first half of this new work last year at Goethe House in New York.)

Our Hitler is symbolic, figurative. It was made in a studio with a dozen actors including Syberberg's small daughter. All the men play several parts; several of them play Hitler at different times. The settings are abstractions or bald film studio or junk-piled film studio; many of them have slide projections behind them which change during a sequence; much of the lighting is deliberately theatrical. Syberberg sometimes moves a single actor or two through a group of mannequins, sometimes uses superb puppets of Hitler and friends together with actors. Each of the film's four sections consists of a number of episodes, connected only in overall theme, each a kind of rhapsody on an aspect of that theme. Music, mostly Wagner, flows throughout, as do those voices of actual persons, all identified. Syberberg's actors speak German, which—like the historical recordings—is subtitled, and there is much voice-over narration done in English, well.

This leads to another important point. Syberberg, a uniquely gifted filmmaker as such, is also a writer of considerable power. From the subtitles of his script and the English narrative sections, I got a feeling of size, strength, metaphor, and forthrightness perfectly consonant with his visual gift—in fact, his gifts match so well, both in strengths and overextensions, that they can't be considered separately. The film opens with the camera moving out into the starry firmament; it might be, in itself, the opening of an SF film, but the *words* accompanying the shot convince us that what we are about to see is a grave matter of human history seen under the eye of eternity. (The full text will be published this spring by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, with an introduction by Susan Sontag.)

The four sections of *Our Hitler* are called "The Grail," "A German Dream," "The End of Winter's Tale," and "We Children of Hell." Intermission after the second section. (I gather that the work was designed for serial showing on TV: it was financed by German, British, and French television.) I can't see that the four sections are intrinsically separate: the materials seem interchangeable, and the whole film is cumulative only in terms of further exploration, further imaginative use of factual materials, not in chronology or dramatic growth.

Films Worth Seeing

Angi Vera. A subtle Hungarian film about the political corruption of a young woman.

The Electric Horseman. Robert Redford, Nature's nobleman, and Jane Fonda, a TV hotshot, horsing around in the Great Outdoors. The script is silly-pretentious, but the stars are pleasant company.

Kramer vs. Kramer. The superb acting of Dustin Hoffman, Justin Henry, Meryl Streep, and the whole cast elevates this mediocre script—about a fight for child custody—into a momentous film.

Monty Python's Life of Brian. Strings of firecracker wit about an unlikely subject—an exact contemporary of Jesus who flees the move to make him a savior.

SK

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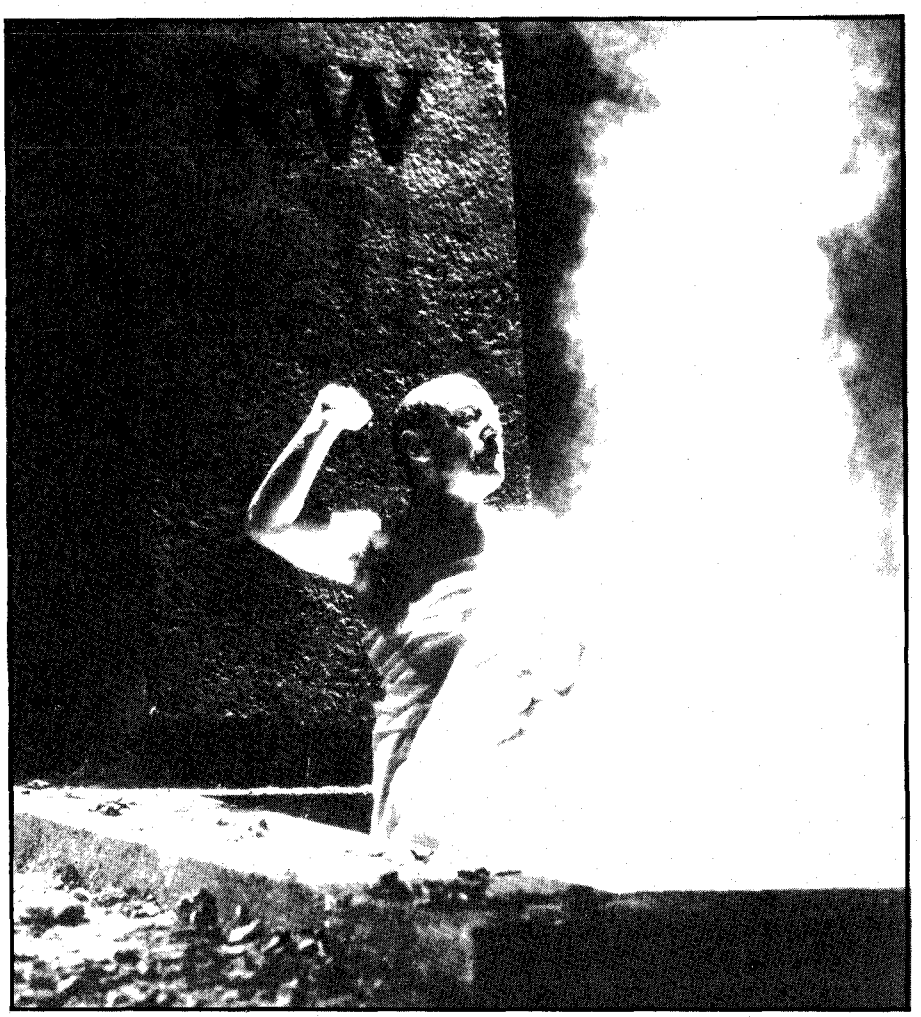
As a schematic sample, I'll quote a bit of the synopsis in the program. After the starry opening:

> A little girl dressed in black, a figure recurring in the four parts of the film, is playing with dolls, puppets of Ludwig and of Hitler hanging from a gallows. She rises and wanders off into the distance with a toy dog that bears the face of Hitler. Against a Caligari projection she lays the toy Hitler in a cradle. The devil appears, bends over the cradle and turns into a black eagle.
>
> A circus director announces the greatest show on earth, the rehearsal of the end of the world. In a monologue in the Black Maria (Edison's first film studio and symbol of the world of our inner projections), the puppet of Ludwig II asks, "Where would we be without this guilt?" from Jesus to Hitler, the Jews. . . . One by one all the actors come on, as in a circus, in various roles: as audience, as Hitler: Hitler as painter, as Nero, Frankenstein, Chaplin.

These are a few of the joints of the armature. Omitted are the language, the sweep of the music, and, above all, the images. The torrent of images that Syberberg puts before us is overwhelming: they are wonderfully conceived, individual, strong and—through the first two sections at least—breathtaking in their incessant freshness.

The sample above gives some idea of the quality of the progress, but little of the range, the ruthless insistence on German guilt but also on the non-innocence of others: how so many, other than Jews, wanted Hitler before and since. (Jews are not left untouched: for instance, treating the postwar years, Syberberg reminds us that some Jews in Hollywood, some of them Hitler refugees, supported the persecutions of McCarthy.)

But the sample above shows one major element: the film's self-consciousness as film, its film references. For instance, at one point Hitler (played in this scene by Peter Kern) is in uniform with a chalked M on his back, turns, sinks to his knees, and speaks Peter Lorre's wonderful closing lines in Fritz Lang's film. Later an actor speaks a passage presumably written by Hitler's private film-projectionist, telling us that Hitler, who had been a voracious film-buff, would see only newsreels after the war started; he looked at them every night before they were publicly released as if they were daily rushes from a picture he was shooting. "He was the greatest filmmaker in the world," says the projectionist.



scene from *Our Hitler*

Hitler's valet, too, and Himmler's masseur, and Himmler and Goebbels (only a glimpse of Goering) are dealt with. Many others. If I had to sum up the film's theme—which is risky, because its being is as much textural as it is thematic—it would be that *Our Hitler* says to Germany: "Professions of anti-Nazism today don't settle things. Renouncing Hitler and his works is not enough. We made him because we loved him." To the world *Our Hitler* says: "Anti-Germanism won't do. Look into your secret heart." That is the core of the most magnificent scene. (See photo.) Hitler's spirit, in Roman toga, rises from the grave of Wagner and, played here by Heinz Schubert, he relently presses home, in an iron voice, his charge: he was wanted. He cannot be denied. He may still be wanted.

The film has excesses, numerous and sometimes silly. An imagination that keeps leaping for such a long time is almost certain to stumble occasionally, and Syberberg certainly does. One silly moment comes early: as a proof that butchery is in the world, is not confined to Hitlerism, he cites Erich von Stroheim's difficulties with Hollywood moguls. Even in a film-centered film, this is ridiculous. A sequence near the end in which a speaker tells the Hitler puppet that he has conquered posthumously—Germany today is snared in money-placidity and the Wandering Jew whom he hated is now settled in Israel—is worse than ridiculous. Syberberg's sheer pictorial invention flags in the third and particularly the fourth parts. We get a sequence in which an actor sits at a desk and reads a lengthy monologue on Hitler as a phenomenon of thousand-year German history, while slide projections change behind the speaker. After about six hours of film-watching, the sequence is not tolerable.

And the final moments get soft. What has been a salvation throughout the film, even at its worst, is its unsentimentality. But near the close, the text gets cautionary and explicit: the sound-track quotes the one music I hoped not to hear, the "Ode to Joy" from Beethoven's Ninth; the little girl (who wears bits of film as a headdress) clasps her hands in prayer and looks upward. The very last thing we hear is the trumpet call from *Fidelio* that, in the opera, announces rescue. It contravenes the film.

If *Our Hitler* were all at its highest

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level, which is inconceivable, it would still exceed the psycho-physiological ability of a viewer. Seven hours! After the first two parts, at intermission, I was elated. Despite some shortcomings, those first parts are lofty, immense, unsparing, majestic. Watching the second half is a matter of finding the bits that are up to the first half. But you can edit this film yourself: see the first half, plus as much as you like. (It's distributed by Omni Zoetrope, Francis Coppola's company, and plays on Saturdays and Sundays in special engagements. In March it will be at the Kennedy Center in Washington.) After seeing the two parts last year, I was in something of a torment to see the whole thing and am thankful that I had the chance. But it's the first half, now seen twice, that will live for me. Syberberg knew that he could not explain Hitler, but at its best his film contributes to our understanding of the impossibility of explaining Hitler: which increases our understanding of, at least, the size of what Hitler did and still threatens.

One closing irony. This film that reminds us of German horrors is itself "A Film from Germany." And Germany is today without question the most vital and innovative filmmaking country in the world. The so-called New German Cinema includes Fassbinder, Wenders, Handke, Schlöndorff, and Herzog. (One of the life-size photographic cutouts in some scenes is of Klaus Kinski in Herzog's *Aguirre*.) High in the ranks must be placed the 44-year-old Syberberg. If it's argued that the West German film renaissance is due to relative ease of financing there, the right reply is to repeat the argument. The present subsidizing of film is only the latest aspect of the old German tradition of subsidizing theater and opera and other arts, more generously than almost any other country. That committed German generosity to the arts is itself part of the irony and the heartache.

Why society is so mystified by handicap.

The Unexpected Minority

by John Gliedman and William Roth

Suppose that somewhere in the world an advanced industrial society genuinely respected the needs and humanity of handicapped people. What would a visitor from this country make of the position of the disabled individual in American life—especially the 10 or 20 million mentally normal people with serious physical, sensory, or health-related handicaps?

To begin with, the traveler would take for granted that a market of millions of children and tens of millions of adults would not be ignored. He would expect to find many industries catering to the special needs of the handicapped. He would look for cheap automobiles that could be safely and easily driven by a paraplegic or a quadriplegic. He would anticipate a profusion of specialized and sometimes quite simple gadgets designed to enhance the control of a handicapped person over his physical world—special hand tools, office supplies, can openers, eating utensils, and the like.

Backing up this family of industries he would expect to find a research and development base, a network of laboratories and institutes at least as numerous as the research and development base of the Apollo space program—the only instance so far of our society's bringing to bear its vast technological resources to design special prosthetic devices (i.e., the elaborate support systems necessary to allow a man to travel in space and to walk upon the surface of the moon).

Overhearing discussions of America's energy crisis, he would expect to find that proposals for long-term energy strategies took into account the special needs and concerns of handicapped people. As he read our newspapers, magazines, journals, and books, as he watched our movies, television shows, or went to our theaters, he would expect to find many reports about handicap, many fictional characters who were handicapped, many cartoon figures on children's TV programs and many characters in children's stories who were handicapped. He would expect constantly to come across advertisements aimed at handicapped people.

But our traveler would not merely read our newspapers and financial journals. He would explore our factories, expecting to find handicapped people working in them. He would travel across the country by car, staying overnight in our motels and hotels. He would take our planes and trains and buses. Everywhere he went he would expect to *see* multitudes of handicapped people going about their business, taking a holiday, passing an hour with able-bodied or handicapped friends, or simply being alone.

He would take for granted that in many families one or both parents were disabled. He would assume that an elaborate network of services existed to help them in raising their children and that a parallel and partially overlapping service network existed to serve the needs of able-bodied parents who had handicapped children.

He would explore our political system. In light of the numbers of handicapped people—and the still larger numbers of able-bodied people with a handicapped spouse, child, parent, or intimate friend—he would expect the disabled to compose one of the most important political forces in America. The visitor would examine our trade unions. He would visit with high corporate management. He would go into our schools, expecting to find large numbers of handicapped individuals as teachers and principals. He would expect to find many handicapped doctors and lawyers.

He would expect all these things because roughly one-tenth of all children are handicapped, one-fifth of all adults are handicapped, and at least half of all able-bodied adults have a disabled spouse, child, parent, or close friend.

Instead, this is what he would find: vast numbers of nursing homes and hospitals where disabled men, women, and children are left to rot in solitude; work practices and hiring procedures that systematically discriminate against disabled workers, millions of disabled adults who are able to work but are

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unable to find jobs even during periods of peak employment, and a network of sheltered workshops where 200,000 adults earn an average wage of less than a dollar an hour and often perform mere make-work.

In short, he would find nothing less than the systematic denial to the handicapped individual of an identity as an independent producer. He would find a kind of "precapitalist" market structure in which information about new devices for disabled individuals is poorly transmitted; in which innovation is slow and funds for capitalization of new ventures are difficult to obtain; and in which, as with prescription drugs, the main mediators of information about new products are professionals. Not only are the handicapped generally denied a work identity; they are also denied an independent identity as consumers.

What is it in our society's vision of disability that has concealed the injustice of all these facts from the huge numbers of able-bodied adults with a direct stake in the well-being of a disabled relative or close friend? What has permitted the able-bodied adult with a disabled spouse, a crippled child, or a blind classmate not merely to acquiesce in this political and social oppression but simply not to perceive this oppression as oppression? What does the able-bodied individual see when he sees a handicapped person? Why is society so mystified by handicap?

Social life—as well as science—is dominated by what the historian of science Thomas Kuhn has called paradigms, the theories of how the world works that selectively emphasize certain aspects of experience and overlook others. These interpretive structures in large part determine the way social issues are perceived, formulated, and attacked.

For many generations mainstream society's attempts to deal humanely with the disabled and the professional's vision of the nature of disability have been shaped by a host of mutually reinforcing paradigms. Starting from very different intellectual premises, these frameworks have converged to produce a set of flawed assessments of the disabled person's needs and the place of the disabled in American society. These social paradigms must be directly confronted by an attempt, such as ours, to approach the handicapped child as a member of a minority group. Indeed, unless we first subject the old paradigms to critical scrutiny, there is every possibility that they will exert a powerful unconscious influence upon the way in which we ourselves reinterpret the handicapped child's needs and problems.

II

Philosophers of science—those specialists whose job it is to tell us how science distinguishes between supposedly objective facts and subjective judgments—tell us that even the most apparent objective perceptions of the world are conditioned by our theories of how the physical world works. What is involved is not too different from what perceptual psychologists call "mental set." Nature, like language, is intrinsically ambiguous.

What is true for observations of nature hold with redoubled force in social life. Each of us transmits a ceaseless flood of ambiguous information about ourselves. This information is broadcast on many wavelengths—our oral speech style, our grammar, our choice of words, our wit, and our accent. We broadcast by means of the gestures we consciously or unconsciously make with our arms and legs; and if our arms and legs are paralyzed, that very fact broadcasts a message. We broadcast by means of our facial expressions, even if we are blind and do not control what the other reads into our face. We broadcast by our posture, our motor control, and by the overall way we look. An atrophied limb broadcasts a message; so does a wheelchair or an iron lung.

In a first encounter the knowledge or perception that a person is handicapped is among the most important clues we can obtain about his character. Consider your own reaction to a figure limping down the street. At a distance you may feel pity, revulsion, or an interest in the unusual. You may, if you have had a normal upbringing, deliberately not see anything. As the person draws closer, you notice that the leg is in a cast, indicating a temporary injury. Many feelings you experienced at the outset vanish, replaced by a sense of relief, mild curiosity, even empathy. As the person comes closer yet, you see on the cast autographs and a stick drawing of a figure on skis somersaulting through the air. Now virtually every feeling changes. You know the cause of the injury (a skiing accident), and you know that it is temporary.

The situation changes if you see a metal leg brace instead of a cast. Unlike temporary injuries, a handicap is considered by others to be integral—"essential"—to the handicapped person's social being. He is treated differently because of his handicap, and he is expected to behave differently. "I soon learned," writes a man crippled in an automobile

The end of "progressivism."

Twenty years ago, the first lunch counter sit-ins revealed that racism was still a part of Greensboro's "progressive" race relations. William Chafe probes the causes and consequences of those demonstrations and the hundreds that followed—the self-delusion of the whites, the pent-up rage of the blacks, and the meddling of the FBI, the national spirit of reform—in "a lively and significant book."—Nell Irvin Painter, University of North Carolina

CIVILITIES AND CIVIL RIGHTS

Greensboro, North Carolina, and the Black Struggle for Freedom

William H. Chafe

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accident, "that it was considered bad form for me to behave like a normal person in certain situations." Not surprisingly, such a person soon starts to see himself in a different light, namely, as "disabled."

We autograph casts. When a friend is temporarily confined to a wheelchair, we joke about it, and he lets us borrow the wheelchair to try it out, to "go for a spin," to play with it. In contrast, we do not let a handicapped person joke about his handicap because we think it would be cruel and heartless to do so. For here the handicap is seen to be integral to his character. You are your handicap, as it were. For the able-bodied to make fun of the handicap is tantamount to making fun of the person with the handicap.

This discomfort is only one of the things that can create a chasm between the able-bodied and the handicapped person. For a handicap often causes someone to broadcast highly misleading information about himself. To be visibly handicapped, one might say, is to possess a body that does not emit social cues the way normal bodies do. It is to speak a social language that most able-bodied individuals do not understand. The faces of sighted individuals transmit a great deal of information; the faces of the blind either transmit misleading information (twitches and grimaces that have nothing to do with the conversation) or randomly distracting "noise." The "body language" of the man with cerebral palsy is easily misinterpreted by the able-bodied. Continuous drooling does not mean that he is a baby. That he grins and nods wildly in agreement does not mean he is naive. The dramatic wave of the hand may not mean that he wants to interrupt but only that he is reaching for his cigarettes.

But even when the handicap is invisible, if we know that the person has epilepsy, is mildly retarded, or has a hidden physical disfigurement, that knowledge often overwhelms our other perceptions of the person and causes us to interpret his behavior very differently from what we would read into it if we believed him to be able-bodied. To recall Erving Goffman's useful definition of stigma, the fact that the person possesses an invisible handicap labels him with a stigma, an undesired differentness from what we had anticipated that casts his behavior and other social attributes into an entirely new and usually unfavorable light. The facial expression, the tone of voice, the flawless front presented to the world take on entirely different meanings whether we know the person is an epileptic, is mildly retarded, or has a shameful, if invisible, deformity.

In addition to the other individual's misreading his cues, every handicapped person must contend with two other kinds of communication obstacles that occur whether his handicap is visible or not. One stems from the individual's own sense of the importance of his disability. All too often low self-esteem, demoralization, or anger is likely to distort his behavior. He may be unnecessarily shy; he may overcompensate by being needlessly aggressive. Another obstacle comes from the setting where the encounter occurs. In general the handicapped are excluded from full participation in American life and spend more time than other Americans being helped by professionals. This means that the handicapped person spends a disproportionate amount of time in settings where he either has low status (e.g., as a patient) or where the characteristics of the setting (e.g., physical therapy or special education classes) tell him that he is inferior. Precisely because he genuinely needs specialized help, he constantly finds himself in interactions with the able-bodied in which his dependence upon their skills is linked to reminders of his inferiority in society at large.

None of these problems is, of course, a once-only affair. Handicapped individuals meet the able-bodied every day. Inevitably their self-image—and their images of able-bodied others—has been conditioned by this history. A lifetime of these interactions—or simply a childhood full of them—cannot but affect many individuals' self-image and ability to communicate. It is a history of learned inferiority.

III

Like racists, able-bodied people often confuse the results of social oppression with the effects of biology. The able-bodied person sees that handicapped people rarely hold good jobs, become culture heroes, or are visible members of the community and concludes that this is "proof" that they cannot hold their own in society.

There are, of course, differences between the discrimination blacks face and the discrimination the handicapped face. In some ways, the handicapped are better off: they meet no organized brutality, no lynch-mob "justice," no Ku Klux Klan rallies. But in other ways the handicapped are—surprisingly—much worse off. There is the matter of pride, for example; blacks can, are, and should be proud of their skin color and not want to change it; but no one argues that mental retardation is good, that blindness is beautiful, that doctors should stop research into the causes and cures of cerebral palsy.

Perhaps the most important differences concern the diagnosis of social ability that each entails; again, the handicapped come off worse in the comparison with blacks. The racist did not deny the black a place in normal life. Rather, he asserted that the "innate"

MY FATHER SNORING

Deep in the night, I would hear it through the wall—
my father snoring, the great, dark
clotted mucous rising in his nose and
falling, like coils of seaweed a wave
brings in and takes back. The clogged roar
filled the house. Even down in the kitchen,
in the drawers, the knives and forks hummed with that
distant throbbing. But in my room,
next to theirs, it was so loud
I could feel myself inside his body,
lifted on the knotted rope of his life
and lowered again into the narrow
dark well, its amber walls
slick around my torso, the smell of bourbon
rich as sputum. He lay like a felled
beast all night and sounded his thick
buried stoppered call, like a cry for
help. And no one ever came:
there were none of his kind around there anywhere.

Sharon Olds

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biological limitations of the black "race" made it necessary to restrict the black to the lowest rungs of the social ladder—servant, field hand, unskilled manual laborer.

The stigma of handicap, on the other hand, hampers its bearer's ability to assume virtually any positive social persona. Perceived exclusively as a blind man, a cripple, or a dwarf, the handicapped person is assumed to be incapable of assuming any normal social functions, even the most humble and demeaning. The full sociological consequences of this stress upon social incapacity are apparent only when one recognizes that the possession of an exclusively negative social identity (i.e., being exclusively defined as one who cannot function normally) is psychologically and socially synonymous with being defined as not possessing any human identity whatever. As Erving Goffman notes, "By definition, of course, we believe the person with a stigma is not quite human."

Thus the perception of a person as handicapped produces perhaps the most radical act of social declassification possible. Traditional racial stereotypes segregated the black within the lower reaches of normal society; only rebels and revolutionaries were defined as deviants. But stereotypes about disability are different. They deny the handicapped any place at all in normal society. No wonder few of us find it strange that tens of millions of mentally normal disabled people are segregated from the mainstream of daily life. We simply don't expect to find them among us.

IV

In her biography of Moshe Dayan, the general's daughter writes that after he lost his right eye in battle, her father was mystified by the fascination his injury seemed to hold for many women. Dayan's handicap is one of the few that change dramatically in phenomenological appearance depending upon whether the person is a child, a woman, or a man. The nature of this change clearly shows how the able-bodied person's decision whether to treat a disability as a stigma of social deviance influences his perceptions of the handicapped person.

Conjure in your mind a military man with an eye patch. Is there not something romantic and heroic about the injury? Doesn't it suggest a dark and complex past, a will of uncommon strength, perhaps a capability for just enough brutality to add a trace of virile unpredictability to the man?

Now replace the image of the mysterious man who wears an eye patch with the image of a 7-year-old girl who wears one. For most people, something strange happens. The romance and mystery disappear; what we see is a handicapped child. There is something sad and even pitiful about her; we fear for her future and worry about her present. We think: this poor kid is going to have a hard time growing up and making it in this world. Whereas the presence of an eye patch made the Israeli leader seem even more of a hero, the presence of an eye patch on a child is a sign of damage, a cause for pity, an indication that this is a child whose ability to fit into some adult role in the future is in jeopardy.

Similar transformations in our conventional perceptions of particular disabilities are wrought when the bearer is a movie villain—one of those real-world deviants who is granted a conditional legitimacy in our fantasies, provided, of course, he is defeated in the end. Here, too, even severely incapacitating handicaps can signal that, far from being a pitiful social incompetent, the villain is unusually resourceful and cunning. Hence the false arm of Dr. No in the James Bond thriller *The Island of Dr. No*, or the gleaming, sinister hook on the arm of Captain Hook in *Peter Pan*; similarly, the cluster of disabilities that afflicts Dr. Strangelove in Stanley Kubrick's film of that name—the arm that is not fully under his control, the partial paralysis that results in his being pushed about in a wheelchair and wearing braces on his legs—do not always cause us to view the president's adviser as handicapped.

Each of these examples of "positive" handicaps represents a kind of gift of social convention, a physical trait that, in certain settings and for certain social roles, enhances, or at least does not actively undermine, the individual's claim to be taken seriously as a social being. Defined by society as a conspicuous failure, virtually any handicapped person can prove that he is the exception to the general rule if he can achieve conspicuous success in some area of life.

Perhaps no single example demonstrates more dramatically the arbitrary character of the able-bodied world's perception of handicaps as biological conditions than the impact of success upon the way in which almost any disability is perceived and remembered. We do not think of Franklin D. Roosevelt as a great crippled president; we think of him as a great president who, among many other things, happened to be crippled. Nor do we customarily think of John F. Kennedy as a handicapped president cut down before he could redeem his promise. Yet he suffered from Addison's disease, a chronic illness that qualifies its bearer to carry the handicapped label. And while both Alexander the Great and Julius Caesar were epileptics, it takes Jorge Luis Borges (himself blind but not considered handicapped) to remind us that in Caesar's case, a handicap changed the course of history. While swimming in the Rhine, Caesar had an epileptic fit and nearly drowned. Only the presence of a soldier on shore saved his life. As a result of the incident, Caesar decided not to mount a major invasion of what is now Germany.

Nor do we remember that Lord Byron had a club foot and Alexander Pope had curvature of the spine. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was a paraplegic. Milton was blind when he wrote *Paradise Lost*, Beethoven was deaf when he wrote the Ninth Symphony, Nietzsche was a syphilitic, and Dostoevsky was an epileptic. Edison was deaf, and Freud spent the last 16 years of his life wearing a prosthesis on his jaw. To speak of these

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men and women as handicapped seems a contradiction in terms. It seems so, we believe, because success defines a chronologically adult individual as carrying out certain adult functions so well that his inability to carry out other adult social functions is judged irrelevant. We remember FDR's cigarette holder better than his wheelchair.

Again, note the contrast with society's traditional racist perceptions. We never forget the blackness of Paul Robeson, Jackie Robinson, and James Baldwin. Because they cannot escape their racial identification, their conspicuous success works to discredit traditional demeaning role stereotypes concerning blacks. By contrast, the examples of the successful handicapped people have not been perceived to conflict with beliefs about the abilities of handicapped people in general. Instead, the successes have been perceived as escaping from a socially crippling condition. They have not challenged our belief that handicapped people in general are socially incompetent. Rather, they have persuaded us that they are the exceptions to the rule who have overcome incredible odds and achieved a positive social identity.

All of these examples illustrate how our apparently objective perceptions of handicaps as socially incapacitating biological conditions are the perceptual products of a prior—and unconscious—*social* construction. Only when our tacit social grammar decrees that the disability is a stigma of deviance do we see a handicapping condition. But the moment that our social grammar decrees otherwise, either because of conspicuous success or because of some combination of social role and setting, we cease to perceive a handicapping condition. Far from being a response to an inflexible fact about biology, our perception of a handicap nearly always reflects an unconscious decision to treat normal social function and the possession of any handicap as mutually exclusive attributes.

* * *

It was Rousseau who first glimpsed the void that underlies our commonsense perceptions of nature, who intuited something of the full extent to which what is ascribed to biology and what is ascribed to society is itself the product of a social construction. Much of what seems most biologically determined about the handicapped child is also a cultural invention, a judgment about the significance of the disability which presents itself in the guise of a self-evident biological truth. The life of every handicapped child is shaped by this paradox. To grow up handicapped in America is to grow up in a society that, because of its misreading of the significance of disability, is never entirely human in the way it treats the person within.

The Hidden Minority: America's Handicapped by Sonny Kleinfield

(Little, Brown—an Atlantic Monthly Press Book; $9.95)

The Hidden Minority is like a photo album—a series of verbal snapshots—of a group and a movement. The group is America's handicapped. The movement is their individual and collective effort to win a decent life. Sonny Kleinfield, a reporter for the *New York Times*, presents his interviews unobtrusively; he lets these people speak for themselves. We meet the quadriplegic Bruce Hillam, who lives alone:

> So here you have Bruce Hillam, quadriplegic, living his own independent life like Archie Bunker or anybody else. . . . I have my ups and downs, but I'm leading a life. That's the important thing. I'm not warehoused in some institution. I'm not a vegetable that needs to be watered every two days. I'm leading a life.

Kleinfield introduces us to a math professor, a retarded gas station attendant in West Texas, and a married couple on Roosevelt Island in New York City, severely crippled, breathing with the help of respirators, needing a lot of help but, like Hillam, leading lives of their own. Kleinfield briefs us on recent federal legislation for the handicapped, issues of access and discrimination, and some of the formidable problems involved in "mainstreaming" disabled people into jobs and schools. There's also a portrait of a remarkable agency called the Center for Independent Living in Berkeley, which handles everything from cane instruction and wheelchair repair to transportation and housing.

Foreign visitors say that the handicapped are more evident here than in most countries, but they are still virtually invisible, and it's hard to believe there are as many as there really are. The 1970 census put the figure at 40 million. Kleinfield estimates 50 million. Others would say more, and of course how many more depends on your definition of handicap. There are 3.5 million disabled war veterans, half of them World War II vets, and nearly 500,000 disabled veterans from Vietnam.

There's very little difference between one man and another, William James once said, but what difference there is is very important. In many respects the world of the American disabled is a microcosm of American life: the uneasy balance of hope and despair, the earnestness for self-improvement and education, the intense individualism, and the value of self-reliance, which sometimes makes it hard to organize collectively, the ambivalent attitude toward government, wanting help but hating bureaucracy, the fascination with technology—the powered wheelchairs, the reconverted vans, the breathing machines, the bleeping baseballs for the blind. The movement—like that of so many American minorities—is torn between strategies of protest and militant troublemaking on the one hand, and strategies of accommodation and self-help on the other. The old-style service organizations, which tended to promote what Erving Goffman calls "heroes of adjustment," have been challenged by new groups modeling themselves on the unruly tactics of the civil rights movement. The confrontations are on, court battles are raging, and things are unlikely ever to be the same again. At the same time, as one weary veteran says to Kleinfield, "too many people . . . are waiting around with impossible expectations."

What Kleinfield's excellent vignettes lack is a sense of context. Why are things happening now? A film like *Coming Home*, whose hero is a paralyzed Vietnam vet, would have been inconceivable before the 1970s. Plainly when we speak about "them" we need to think about "us," because disabilities are not only physical realities but also social constructs reflecting the web of power and status—and more than that, the flow of history. Not more than two decades ago the

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society's main response to disability was to put the handicapped in human dumping bins. Now the ideal, however honored in practice, is something approaching mainstreaming. What changed?

A complete answer would take a book, but some of the elements would include: the change in the conception of government since the Depression, whereby the federal government assumes responsibility to help people when they're in trouble for reasons beyond their control; the civil rights movement and subsequent minority protests, the 1954 Supreme Court's attack on the separate but equal doctrine; the role of the courts in establishing whole new categories of rights; the woman's movement; the growth in the proportion of the aged in the population; changes in medicine and technology which have vastly increased the number of disabled people who survive; the militance and energy of the disabled and the political coalitions they and their allies have built; and a peculiarly open-ended set of legislative commitments in the states and Congress, with such acts as the 1973 Rehabilitation Act, the 1975 Education for all Handicapped Children bill, and revised federal policies toward disability.

Change has come about not because of any new knowledge—though the role of technology has been significant—but because the courts and the legislatures have been hit by what amounts to a national movement. The handicapped have ceased being objects of pity and concern and policy and have instead become actors on their own behalf. This is a major change, although we might still wonder why it has happened now and not at some other time. I suspect that there are important cultural shifts bound up with all this, as with the women's movement, but it's hard to sort such complex matters out, and evidence is skimpy. When we speak of disabilities, we are talking about aesthetics, and norms of health and happiness, the fear of being disabled ourselves, how we face difference, guilt at confronting other people's troubles and mutilated bodies, primordial notions that a handicap is a punishment.

Most of us have our private versions of public statutes that were on the books until recently. Chicago used to have an "ugly law," for example, a variation of which remains on the books in Columbus and Omaha. The law said that no one could step out in public who was "diseased, maimed, mutilated, or in any way deformed so as to be an unsightly or disgusting object." We're talking about our own vanished youth, in a nation that has historically thought of itself as young, and which has in fact been made up of more young people than most countries. We're speaking of images of success in a society where the measure of human worth has been achievement and production; and, conversely, of images of failure which perhaps haunt people in a middle-class culture more than others. (My wife and I are careful how we dress our disabled son, because we want him to look cared for and not—a phrase out of my youth and, I suspect, some collective sense of dread—like a bum.)

Disabilities are hard to face because as a people we have been taught to think of defeat as exceptional. Those against whom we are normal, in Goffman's deadly phrase, constitute a threat to our settled sense of things. Randolph Bourne, with his twisted face and his hunched back, once raised this issue, saying that his disability left him

> filled with a profound sympathy for all who are despised and ignored in the world. When he has been through the neglect and struggles of a handicapped and ill-favored man himself, he will begin to understand the feelings of all the horde of the unpresentable and the unemployable, the incompetent and the ugly, the queer and crotchety people who make up so large a proportion of human folk. We are perhaps too prone to get our ideas and standards of worth from the successful without reflecting that . . . the sayings of the wealthy . . . are pitifully inadequate for those of us who fall behind in the race. Surely there are enough people to whom the task of making a decent living and maintaining themselves . . . is a hard and bitter task, to make a philosophy gained through personal disability and failure as just and true a method of appraising . . . life . . . as the cheap optimism of the ordinary professional man.

Losing a war may have enlightened us a little in this regard, and there are other signs that the culture is making more room for alternative views of life. In the meantime, reformers and activists and researchers inconclusively debate whether attitudes toward handicap shape behavior, or whether behavior triggers attitudes. The crucial thing, as Kleinfield says, is the attitudes of the disabled toward themselves, but that is most emphatically not simply a private matter, being the outcome of a history and a culture in which we have all participated. Something to remember is that we all have a self-interested stake in this particular movement. Only one handicapped person out of six is born with a disability. This is a minority we can join if we miss our step or brake too slowly or suffer a heart attack or maybe even just grow old, as most of us surely will. The text for our time may be *King Lear*, for at any moment any of us might discover how society treats that poor naked thing, unaccommodated, disabled man.

Joseph Featherstone

Joseph Featherstone teaches in the Harvard Graduate School of Education.

Popism: The Warhol 60's
by Andy Warhol and Pat Hackett

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95)

It was said of the brilliant and precocious young Frenchman Alfred Jarry, who became famous at the age of 23 for his scandalous comedy *Ubu Roi* (1896)—a work that prefigures Dada and the Absurdist theater of more recent times—that he exercised a curious fascination upon everyone who knew him. He fashioned himself into a cult figure so lacking in human affect, so willfully resistant to all normal forms of human intercourse, that his deadpan persona made him irresistibly attractive, and everyone—or almost everyone—tried to imitate him. André Gide observed that Jarry spoke without inflection, with an equal accentuation on all syllables, even on the mutes: "there would not have been the slightest difference if a nutcracker had spoken." Jarry systematically destroyed himself by way of alcohol, ether, and malnutrition, as a means of expressing his contempt for life. He died at the age of 34 in unspeakably filthy surroundings; his last request was for a toothpick.

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Andy Warhol is our American nutcracker, the Pop star whose delivery is less deadpan than simply dead. If he is the self-conscious heir of Jarry, Duchamp, the Surrealists, the Dadaists, and the Futurists—and innumerable other artists—he gives no indication of his indebtedness; for the Pop sensibility has no historical dimension. In these pages Andy Warhol presents himself—chattily, informally—as the archetypal Pop figure whose "inner life" is as banal and flattened as the slick impersonal surfaces of his silkscreens. He has no soul, but at the same time he isn't censorious; the Pop sensibility doesn't judge. He describes himself as 99 percent passive, open to all experiences—a power blackout, the deaths of friends and acquaintances, a presidential assassination. Everything is Pop. "When President Kennedy was shot . . . I heard the news over the radio while I was alone painting in my studio. I don't think I missed a stroke." He had been "thrilled" with Kennedy because Kennedy was handsome, young, and stylish, and Jackie was such a glamorous first lady, "but it didn't bother me that much that he was dead." A few years later when an emotionally unbalanced young woman climbed out on the window ledge at The Factory (Warhol's famous studio-loft on 47th Street) Warhol responded with: "Ooo. Do you think she'll jump?"—and returned to his newspaper. A close friend, Billy "Name," an amphetamine addict and alleged mystic, withdrew to a closet at the rear of Warhol's studio and remained there for more than a year, but Warhol did not think it right to interfere. "I had no idea what made him go in, so how could I get him to come out? And even if I could, why should I? . . . Occasionally we'd ask him through the door if there was anything he needed." Long before the deranged Valerie Solanis nearly killed Warhol in 1968 there were isolated incidents of spontaneous violence at The Factory, which Warhol chose to interpret as "unreal." Like watching a movie. (After the shooting Warhol says "it still seemed unreal. . . . Only the pain seemed real—everything around it was still a movie.") Pop is surfaces and gesture—sheer style—how can it involve anything more complex?

If the tenuity of our moment-by-moment existence is taken for granted, the very notion of human interchange and human responsibility is abrogated. Nevertheless Warhol feels obliged to defend himself several times in this memoir against charges that he was

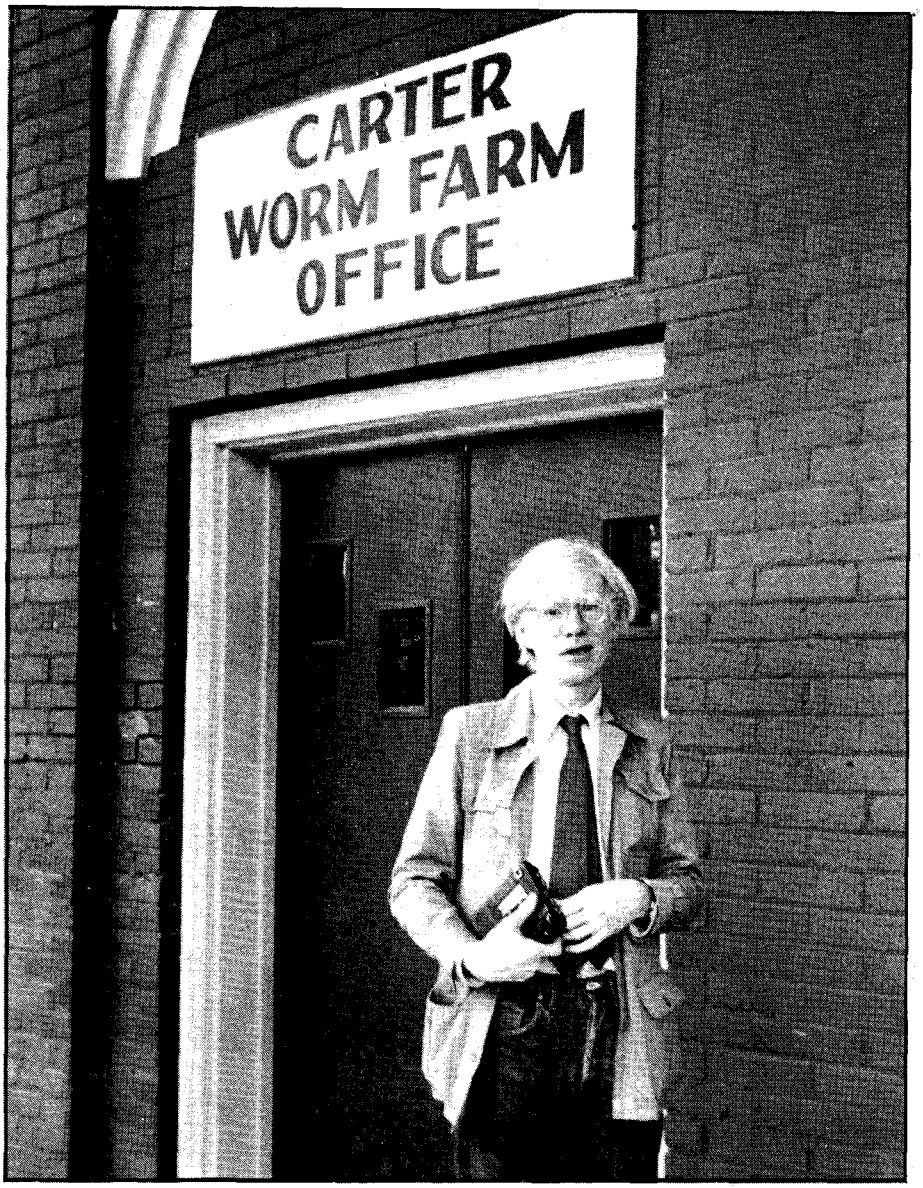

photo of Warhol from *Andy Warhol's Exposures* (Andy Warhol Books/Grosset & Dunlap).

"evil" because so many of the members of his freaky entourage—the Warhol superstars and sycophants—drifted into madness or death during the 1960s, while he photographed or taped their fascinating behavior, and converted them into subjects for Pop art. ("A girl always looked more beautiful and fragile when she was about to have a nervous breakdown," Warhol observes.)

It is fitting that Andy Warhol, the least gifted and the most widely publicized of the Pop artists of the 1960s, should expose himself in this manner—in this absolutely uninflected unironic "memoir"—telling us repeatedly, as if we had not guessed, that there is nothing behind his art; no symbolic depths beneath his surfaces. Those of us trained to a Modernist sensibility may certainly find meanings in Pop art—indeed, it is difficult for us not to find meanings in anything—but this is simply a habit, a sort of mental tic, that points up the distance between us and Pop. "That's what so many people never understood about us," Warhol says. "They expected us to take the things we believed in seriously, which we never did—we weren't intellectuals."

Pop is whatever happens. Pop is usually fun. The biggest Pop event of the 1960s, according to Warhol, was the power blackout of 1965: "There were cute National Guard soldiers around helping people up out of the stuck subways. . . ." But the papal visit of Paul VI was awfully exciting too: "Talk about Advance PR—I mean, for centuries!" Pop is the next thing that comes along, a new rock group or a new disaster. (A friend of Warhol's moved out to California and rented a house as close as possible to a fault line because, in his words, "I want to be in a Disaster. I've been seeing movies about them for so long, I really want to know what it feels like." People were so bored, Warhol notes, in 1969, that they "wanted something big to happen—in the media,

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in the earth crust, anywhere, anything.") Pop cannot tolerate what Warhol calls "anguished, heavy intellects"—which is to say, people who think—though Warhol admits to a liking for Norman Mailer because Mailer once punched a friend of his at a party for wearing a pink jacket.

Warhol had been a highly successful commercial artist in New York, but his first "serious" art—his Campbell's Soup Cans, the 100 Coke bottles, the Red Elvis, some Marilyns, and some Do-It-Yourself Paint-By-Numbers-paintings—were first exhibited in the fall of 1962, at the Stable Gallery on Madison Avenue. Within a few years, however, he decided to "retire" from painting in order to concentrate on filmmaking and other Pop activities (and to attend parties: there are virtually hundreds of parties described in this book); after his near-death in 1968 he seems to have retired from these activities as well ("We got thousands of dollars' worth of publicity for movies we weren't bothering to make and for superstars we never got around to using on film") in order to concentrate on more party-going, and photographing the Beautiful People. By this time Warhol's fairly modest talent has been depleted but it hardly matters: from this point onward he will be "famous for being famous" and invited automatically to all the important parties.

Popism: The Warhol 60's is one of those curious books that tells us less and less as we continue to read. Initially it is quite interesting, since Warhol is not yet obsessed with party-going, and many a novice painter might learn from Warhol's description of his work habits—which are almost puritanical in their rigor:

> I had this routine of painting with rock and roll blasting the same song, a 45 rpm, over and over all day long. . . . The music blasting cleared my head out and left me working on instinct alone. In fact, it wasn't only rock and roll that I used—I'd also have the radio blasting opera and the TV picture on (but not the sound)—and if all that didn't clear enough out of my mind, I'd open a magazine, put it beside me, and half read an article while I painted.

Warhol, like nearly everyone he knew, took a form of amphetamines in order to keep awake: he claims to have slept only two or three hours a night from 1965 through 1967. Another technique is to dissociate oneself from all meaning—even from the landscape—so that one experiences everything as Pop. Of course Pop is boring but then boring things can be Pop, which redeems them. Warhol speaks most eloquently on boredom—is this really his great subject?—in making a distinction between himself and other people.

> Apparently, most people love watching the same basic thing, as long as the details are different. But I'm just the opposite: if I'm going to sit and watch the same thing I saw the night before, I don't want it to be essentially the same—I want it to be *exactly* the same. Because the more you look at the same exact thing, the more the meaning goes away, and the better and emptier you feel.

Popism: The Warhol 60's is probably most valuable—or anyway most interesting—for its gossipy qualities. If one did not know that Andy Warhol was an artist (and an acclaimed one at that) it would be difficult to tell from the text itself. "Andy" and his friends and his colorful paid entourage are presented against a high-decibel Manhattan (the "party of the decade" is Truman Capote's masked ball in the grand ballroom of the Plaza Hotel—and our boy does manage to get invited), and a less coherent background of events of national and international significance like the various assassinations, civil rights agitation, anti-Vietnam War demonstrations, riots in black ghettos, and the Vietnam War itself. Our attention is excitedly focused upon the diversely talented members of The Factory scene—Gerard Malanga, Paul Morrissey, Billy Name, Pope Ondine (brilliantly entertaining when crazed on amphetamine), Edie Segwick (a beautiful heiress who stars in Warhol's films, becomes an instant media celebrity, and drifts into barbiturate addiction and finally into death in 1971), Freddy Herko (a talented dancer who, high on drugs, choreographs his own death out a fifth-floor window on Cornelia Street), Paul America (the star of the Warhol film *My Hustler*), Baby Jane Holzer (immortalized by Tom Wolfe as well), Candy Darling (a transvestite who stars in Tennessee Williams's *Small Craft Warnings* off-Broadway), Rotten Rita, Silver George, The Duchess, the early punk rock group The Velvet Underground, Ingrid Superstar, Tiger Morse, Viva, Ultra Violet, Jo Dallesandro (the star of *Trash* and *Flesh*), and many others. Celebrities like Truman Capote, Tennessee Williams, Judy Garland, Liza Minnelli, Bob Dylan, Jim Morrison, and Mick Jagger make cameo appearances. Oddly enough, however,

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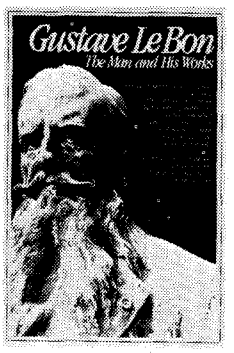

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celebrities don't strike Warhol as Pop: he treats them with the most astonishing reverence.

One of the disappointing aspects of *Popism* is Warhol's failure to talk about art. Did his flat dead impersonal "anonymous" style leap full-grown out of his head? Warhol's head is so cleared out, so wonderfully empty, he cannot even pay homage to Marcel Duchamp (who is mentioned in this book only because Warhol manages to get photographed beside him in a Pasadena art gallery); he admits to admiring Picasso more than any other artist—because Picasso is so prolific! Roy Lichtenstein, Frank Stella, Robert Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns, and other contemporaries figure only briefly in this memoir. And the "heavy, anguished" passions of the Abstract Expressionists strike Warhol as "corny"—for why should one care deeply about one's art, or about anything?

Even so, it is difficult for us to examine the most compelling of Warhol's works without suspecting—or imagining, or *hoping*—that they have more than a surface existence. Silkscreens like the Marilyns and *Electric Chair* seem to demand evaluation as more than simply sociological phenomena—what artists were "doing" in the 1960s. Warhol gushes over Marilyn Monroe's "beautiful" face in this book; one wants to protest that this isn't—this cannot be—the same Warhol who creates the ghastly Marilyn images. Or is it? Is "avant-garde" simply a way of dignifying ineptitude? The antithesis of *Popism* is Stephen Koch's 1973 *Stargazer: The World of Andy Warhol and His Films*, in which Warhol is perceived exclusively from the outside and given a philosophical—even a metaphysical—weight the frail bubbly Andy of *Popism* must have found incomprehensible. Koch's book, however, is really a Modernist meditation, a sequence of frequently brilliant passages on the themes of narcissism, decadence, voyeurism, pornography, homosexuality, and contemporary notions of death, held together by an ostensible concern with the "art" of Andy Warhol. Whether the books effectively cancel each other out or nicely complement each other (raising post-modernist questions on the nature of personal identity) is an interesting question. Pop is a notorious Rorschach that gives back to us the most extraordinary revelations—but is the complexity of any subject ever exhausted? Must Warhol stand as an authority on his own art, or even on the phenomenon of Warhol itself?

So far as this book is concerned, however, Andy Warhol is stupefyingly shallow. His mind is certainly pristine. He wants only one thing—fame—and reasons that one is more likely to become famous by branching out, trying different things (art, films, happenings, even writing books), because newspapers and magazines have different departments, and one might get lucky in several departments at once. Great art—the art that endures—is simply art bought by the "ruling class"; and the "ruling class" will only buy art that is promoted; and to get promoted one must hustle. So it goes.

There *is* a minimal acknowledgment of the passage of time in this memoir: the commercial successes of *Midnight Cowboy*, *Hair*, and *Oh! Calcutta!* stimulate mild jealousy in Warhol, who reasons that Hollywood and Broadway have invaded his territory. The "underground" subjects are not only above-ground now, but they are being professionally done—and making real money. "All the morality and restrictions that the early superstars had rebelled against seemed so far away—as unreal as the Victorian era. . . . Pop wasn't an issue or an option for this new wave: it was all they'd ever known."

But the Pop sensibility rarely allows itself such deep thoughts. After Warhol's near-death, as soon as he is strong enough to leave the house, he goes "straight to 42nd Street to check out the peep shows with Vera Cruise and restock on dirty magazines"—"the really dirty, exciting stuff." Though in the 1970s he will concentrate on taking photographs of the Beautiful People of Manahattan, at one party after another, he finishes out the decade of the 1960s by staying close to home at The Factory taping conversations and taking "thousands of Polaroids of genitals."

Joyce Carol Oates

The Poverty of Theory and Other Essays by E. P. Thompson

(Monthly Review Press; $16)

An English author who appears in the jacket photo as a head of hair, with his features two-thirds hidden and a cat perched on his shoulder, is obviously one of John Bull's originals. This whimsy, however, does not hint of the deep seriousness and moral passion of the man with the cat: E. P. Thompson, an outstanding social historian, a biographer of William Morris, and a 1956 graduate from the Communist party.

I want very much to recommend this book to the general reader, but I can't. It is not that Thompson's analyses are thin and unrewarding. On the contrary, these essays provide a wealth of material about history, societal analysis, and Marxism. Rather it is that Thompson's truths—his very important truths—are necessarily encapsulated in an intricate confrontation with various aspects and personalities of contemporary Marxism, and few people possess the expertise to follow these valuable but recondite arguments. So while I would give *The Poverty of Theory* very high marks, I doubt that it will find the audience it deserves.

Of the four essays in the book, the two most recent—a scathing attack made in 1978 on the French communist philsopher, Louis Althusser, which runs for more than 200 pages, and an "Open Letter" written in 1973 to the Polish historian of Marxism, Leszek Kolakowski, respectfully, even affectionately, critical—are superior to two shorter pieces. One of those is a polemic against some of the guiding spirits of the *New Left Review*, a *Trotskysant* and generally interesting review which Thompson helped to found in 1959. The other is a critique of George Orwell and, more generally, of all those whom Thompson believes moved from an understandable repudiation of Stalinism to an uncritical acceptance of the anticommunist ("NATO-politan") West.

The Orwell essay appeared in 1960, an early year in the process of detente. It suffers somewhat from the passage of time, since we now know that our problems go much deeper than NATO, even taking that institution in its broadest symbolic sense. I also think that Thompson is unfair to an Orwell who remained true to his deepest

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socialist values to the very end, even as he anguished over them. The debate with the *New Left Review* leaders requires more familiarity with English historical scholarship than I have, yet its methodological comments about how to use—and not use—"models," Marxist or otherwise, are very worthwhile. But it is the confrontations with Althusser and Kolakowski, which make up three-quarters of the book, that provide the main reason for taking it seriously.

Althusser is the author of a Parisian, structuralist version of Marxism. He is a Communist who most recently has appeared as a leftist critic of his party's leadership, wondering why its traditional commitment to the "dictatorship of the proletariat" was dropped without discussion and by a nearly unanimous vote. Given the vogue of structuralism in general and Althusser's own pretensions to a Cartesian certitude about Marx, his work has been quite fashionable on the British intellectual left. Indeed, it is clear that Thompson sees more than a little faddishness in Althusser's British vogue: "Any new Marxist *nuncios* arriving on these shores must expect to encounter, not only a very well-informed opposition, but also a searching examination from those who are disposed to give them a hearing."

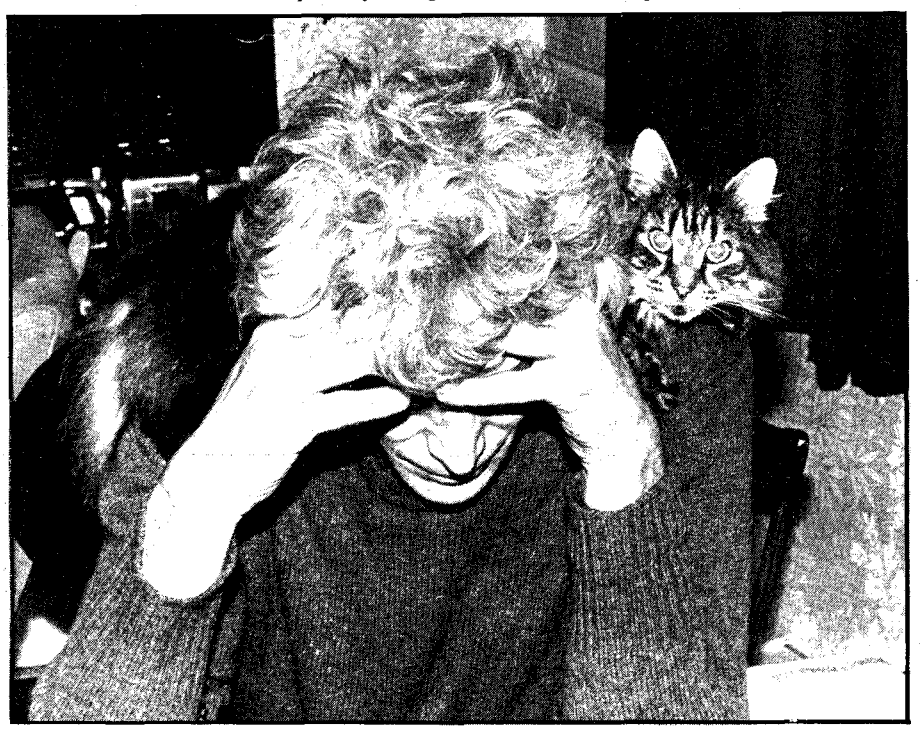
The key to Althusser's Marxism is its claim to scientific objectivity, its rejection of all "humanist," "moralist," "historicist" views that identify social evolution and revolution as the result of the struggles and values of men and women. What evolves, Althusser argues, are the structures themselves; as for men and women, they are the instruments of these structures in society, not their own agents. Indeed, Althusser concludes—following Hegel rather than Marx—that history is a process without any subject at all. Such a thesis, Thompson rightly insists, provides the basis for a sophisticated "anti-Stalinist" rationale for Stalinism. For if history, including socialism and communism, works without human intervention as such, then one can argue that the basic progressiveness of Soviet society persists despite one generation of bloody madness and a second generation of routine totalitarianism.

That notion, Thompson accurately notes, has nothing in common with Marx's Marxism. But, he continues, there are moments in Marx when there is at least some warrant for such a reading. Thompson thinks that the *Grundrisse* is a particularly fecund source of the error, which strikes me as wrong. But then he points out that *Capital* itself sometimes talks of the unfolding of an immanent—and therefore preordained—logic, lapsing into a Hegelianism in which reality develops according to its concept rather than the other way around. And that criticism, alas, hits home.

It is simple enough for a serious Marxist, that is, one who regards Marxism as the most profound, though still fallible, way of thinking about the world, to correct Marx's lapses by using Marx's own method. Social determination, for example, can be seen as a matter not of rigidly preordaining one, and only one, outcome, but of setting limits and exerting influences. Still, there is a larger problem that goes well beyond Marxism. For Althusser's anti-humanism (and he is honest enough to use that phrase) is not an isolated phenomenon. Here is Thompson's penetrating summary of the present intellectual situation:

> Today, structuralisms engross this area [the freedom of the individual in his/her choices] from every side: we are *structured* by social relations, *spoken* by pre-given linguistic structures, *thought* by ideologies, *dreamed* by myths, *gendered* by patriarchal sexual norms, *bonded* by affective obligations, *cultured* by mentalities, and *acted* by history's script. None of these ideas is, in origin, absurd, and some rest upon substantial additions to knowledge. But all slip, at a certain point, from sense to absurdity, and in their sum all arrive at a common terminus of unfreedom. Structuralism . . . is the ultimate product of self-aliented reason . . . in which all human projects, endeavors, institutions and even culture itself, appear to stand *outside* of men, to stand *against* men, as objective things, as the "Other" which in its own turn moves men around as things. In the old days, the Other was then named 'God' or Fate. Today it has been christened anew as Structure.

That is well put, true, and profoundly Marxist. It is the central theme of Thompson's anti-Althusser, and he traces it in complex detail as it touches upon historical method, political choices, and neo-Stalinism. At times, however, Thompson is so irritated by Althusser that he violates his own values. To say that Althusserianism is "a straightforward ideological police action" on behalf of a sophisticated Stalinism is a much too neat, even structuralist (in the bad sense), argument. Moreover, even though I share Thompson's basic objections to Althusser, I think the latter sometimes provides shrewd insights. It is, I think, both provocative and right to argue that Marx did not always understand his own work fully and that one sometimes has to make a "symptomatic reading," including a reading of "silences" in the text, in order to deduce an implicit, but unstated, methodology. But even with these qualifications, I think Thompson has done a real service to the post-Stalin generation in demonstrating that Stalinism was not, and is not, the creation of an individual, but a bureaucratic, manipulative, and totalitarian theory which can be ex-



E. P. Thompson

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ploited by those who do not honor Stalin's memory.

Kolakowski, of course, understands that point quite well. But, as I pointed out in these pages not too long ago, he has concluded that Stalinism is at least a—perhaps *the*—logical outcome of Marxism itself. Thompson's critique of Kolakowski is one I largely share.

But what I find fascinating in this volume is Thompson's courageous self-criticism. In his letter to Kolakowski he defended Marxism, not as a system or philosopher's stone, but as a tradition within which one can think fruitfully. Kolakowski asked in reply whether Thompson saw himself as part of a common tradition, even a fractious tradition, which includes everyone who derives his or her philosophy and method from Marx. Now Thompson insists that there is an unbridgeable gulf between the "theologies" (and not only the Stalinist theology) that see Marxism as a closed system and the tradition of open investigation which he believes Marx incarnates. Though both views "can derive some licence from Marx," Thompson candidly admits, he insists that "the second has immeasurably the better credentials as to its lineage."

But not all Marxists make this distinction. "There is a certain cant," says Thompson, that

> seeks to avoid this engagement [with all closed "Marxisms"] under the slogan: 'No enemies to the Left!' That slogan had a necessary and honourable origin, in the emergencies of anti-Fascist resistance; and in political terms such emergencies will often recur. But now is it possible to say that there are no such enemies, after the experience of high Stalinism, after Budapest, 1956, after Prague, 1968?

Of all the corruptions that came with Stalinism, that repression of honest criticism in the name of a necessary solidarity was one of the worst. It is one of the merits of this cantankerous, opinionated, truth-seeking book that it argues the necessity of criticism precisely in the name of that solidarity. Those who can, which does not include everyone, should read *The Poverty of Theory*.

Michael Harrington

Michael Harrington is the national chairman of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee.

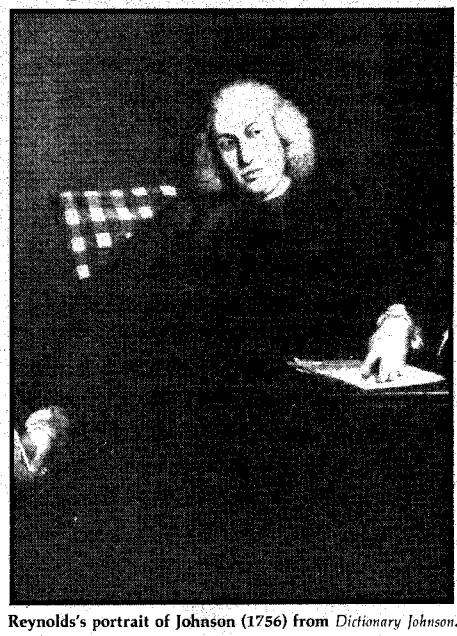
Dictionary Johnson: Samuel Johnson's Middle Years by James Clifford

(McGraw-Hill; $17.95)

Modern Johnsonian scholarship began by recognizing how little Boswell knew. And that means it began with James Clifford. His 1941 life of Mrs. Thrale took readers into a world at Streatham that Boswell could never penetrate, a world where Johnson enjoyed the closest thing to family life of all his adult years. The most tender and tortured revelations about Johnson's intimate life were made to Hester Thrale. Clifford followed this with his *Young Sam Johnson* (1955), covering the least-known part of Johnson's life. We saw at last the half-blind young man who tugged in vain at the ring where bears were baited in the town square of Lichfield, the man who lived a London street life that made him, later, slip pennies into the hands of urchins who slept in doorways, so they might buy a crust in the morning. Now Clifford brings Johnson through his most creative years to the moment when Boswell steps into the story. This book links the two earlier ones, and the three make up, as it were, the whole extra-Boswellian life.

The work is detailed but readable, the distillation of a whole life's scholarship. Clifford tells us how Johnson arranged the labors of his assistants on his *Dictionary of the English Language*—and took care of their many needs, including the need to resort to privies at the Gough Square house. Archaeology comes alive with love here, as Johnson is situated in his London.

Johnson has been blessed with the best biographers, from Boswell's time to Wain's and Bate's. But among the later scholars Clifford holds a special place. Much of the others' achievements are based on his labors and encouragement and research. And of all his many services the best was breaking Johnson free of Boswell's imposing masterpiece. When Johnson did not strut with Boswell, Boswell tried to make him strut. He was already the accomplished sage when Boswell met him, and Boswell's sense of drama made him egg Johnson into extreme statements not to be found in his own writings (e.g. the defense of marital infidelity or capital punishment). Boswell's vivid genius once made generations neglect the writings on which the sage's eminence was based—something Boswell himself could not have imagined and would not have approved. But the Clifford era changed that. Donald Greene broke the



Reynolds's portrait of Johnson (1756) from *Dictionary Johnson*.

stereotype of Johnson's politics that Boswell created. Readers have gone back to the anguished poems and the essays of musical lament that make Johnson an artist and not a mere "character."

Unfortunately some Boswellians have thought that the Clifford school of Johnson studies denigrates their man. Actually, it helps to establish that man's separate artistry. Boswell's *Life* is great not merely because it deals with a great man, but because it is the work of a great writer. For a modern analogy we would have to imagine someone like F. Scott Fitzgerald devoting all his talents and many years to a biography of Albert Einstein. (Johnson's popular legend in his day was as an eccentric about whom many anecdotes were told, though his own work was erudite and obscure.) We would all be grateful for such a work, both for what it told us about Einstein and for being a work by Fitzgerald; but we would not go to it for an education in the mysteries of modern physics.

Boswell's *Life* is, like *Tristram Shandy*, a book about making a book, an adventure

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story in which Boswell tracks down and draws out and teases into shape his great subject. Boswell is unsurpassable because he is irreplaceable—no one can *be* there as bright and observant as he, and no Johnsonian would miss a moment of it.

But there was too much of Johnson to be entirely captured by a younger man who met him late in life and shared mainly his semi-public club moments. Mrs. Thrale can tell us many things not revealed to Boswell—as can other women. It was Mary Reynolds who learned how Johnson gave pennies to the urchins. John Hawkins looks at Johnson on a level of age and status, not from Boswell's upward angle—and the results are enlightening. What if Savage had written Johnson's life, instead of vice versa? We would read about a young hanger-on to middle-age vagabondage. All testimony is welcome about this extraordinary man—and the more welcome as we grow in admiration of his own works. For the complement of the insight on how little Boswell knew is the continuing of realization of how much less we would know without Boswell.

Clifford's work, completed with this volume (delivered to the printer on the day he died), enhances our appreciation of Johnson *and* of Boswell. But Johnsonians always will have a special regard for Clifford. He cites in this book the dictum that *Rasselas* is the test of Johnsonians. If a man does not love that extended verbal elegy, he is far from the mind of its composer. I would add that Clifford is himself a Johnsonian touchstone. It is impossible to admire the subject without admiring the student. Clifford humanized scholarship with an unsentimental tenderness. He embodied the widespread reaction of Johnson's readers and admirers—the feeling of one into whose sleeping hand someone pressed a coin, one night, too dear to spend.

Garry Wills

Garry Wills is the author, most recently, of *Confessions of a Conservative* (Doubleday).

Crusaders and Pragmatists: Movers of Modern American Foreign Policy by John G. Stoessinger

(Norton; $16.95)

The general outline of *Crusaders and Pragmatists* is conventional and sometimes dubious: Woodrow Wilson, John Foster Dulles, Lyndon B. Johnson, and often Jimmy Carter are crusaders; Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman, John F. Kennedy, and sometimes Henry Kissinger are pragmatists. The crusaders, full of missionary zeal and personal rigidity, cling so stubbornly to principles that they ignore alternate strategies, cannot admit mistakes, and in trying so hard to improve the world, leave it in worse shape. When facts clash with their philosophy they misinterpret reality. In contrast, the pragmatists are flexible enough to change direction without impairing self-esteem. They recognize and adapt to necessity, learn from experience, and thus often make the world a more desirable place.

Such a loose argument, stressing personality and usually disregarding ideology, easily unravels. Stoessinger, a political scientist at CUNY, is so enamored of his dichotomy that like a "crusader" he often oversimplifies issues, neglects key facts, and employs questionable standards for assessing policies. As a result, he misunderstands Truman and Kennedy and possibly Dulles and Johnson. For Kissinger he uses a different lens.

Take, first, Truman and the Korean War—the focus of Stoessinger's generally admiring analysis of the "man from Missouri." Was American armed intervention necessary or desirable, as the author believes, or was it a mistake rooted in misperception? And—the capital question—was the war instigated by the Soviets? as Stoessinger (like Truman) assumes.

The evidence supports a very different interpretation: the war was primarily a civil war which erupted after border clashes from both sides in earlier years; it followed substantial revolutionary activity in the South, of which Kim Il Sung, not Stalin, was the instigator. As Khrushchev states in his memoir, "The North Koreans wanted to prod South Korea with the point of a bayonet. Kim . . . said that the first poke would touch off an internal explosion in South Korea. . . . Naturally, Stalin couldn't oppose this idea. . . . Stalin had his doubts."

Since there was much evidence even in 1950 that it was a civil war and there is still no evidence that Stalin initiated it, why did Truman and his advisers automatically conclude that the Soviets had orchestrated the invasion and were testing America? American leaders, fearful of Moscow's intentions, could not believe that local conditions often shaped communist policy in Asia and elsewhere. It was ideologically dictated, the conclusions of crusaders, not pragmatists.

Only one prominent adviser sharply questioned Truman's commitment of American troops to the war. His name: John Foster Dulles. He told administration leaders, "[America] could be a sea and [air] power [in Asia] but it was hazardous for us to challenge communist power on the mainland." As anticommunist as Truman, Dulles was dubious about this particular crusade: he feared that Truman's goals exceeded the nation's means. If Stoessinger had discovered Dulles's objections, would he have defined Dulles as a "pragmatist"?

Stoessinger, like many, blames the American expansion of the war in late autumn of 1950 primarily on General Douglas MacArthur (a crusader). That is too simple. Truman and Secretary of State Dean Acheson shared the general's enthusiasm for the crusade. They, too, wanted to unite the peninsula under anticommunist leadership (probably that of Syngman Rhee). They, too, disregarded China's verbal warnings and refused to interpret her first armed entry as a forceful warning to halt the American crusade. Enthusiasm temporarily swept aside such unwelcome facts. Hope, not evidence, dictated policy.

When the UN forces swept on toward the Yalu, China again intervened, this time massively. In retaliation MacArthur wanted to bomb Manchuria, but the president and others, belatedly backtracking from their crusade, finally became cautious. Yet, committed to their principles, they could not compromise, so they rejected China's terms for ending the war—a UN seat and abandonment of Taiwan. America could not "reward aggression," Truman and Acheson believed.

Though the warring powers finally

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opened armistice negotiations in mid-1951, they still took nearly two years to end the war. For the last 15 months the settlement was blocked by one issue—return of prisoners of war. Truman and Acheson introduced a new principle of modern war: the return of only those POWs who wished to go home. That American principle—ignored by Stoessinger—prolonged the war and helped kill hundreds of thousands of Asians and about 10,000 Americans.

It was not a principle forced on the administration by domestic politics; rather, it was part of the Truman-Acheson crusade: their quest for a cold war victory, their conviction that the return of unwilling POWs would be immoral, and their faith that establishment of voluntary repatriation would mean that Communists would never again go to war because their armies would defect. When this Truman-Acheson principle produced an unexpected stalemate, they could not modify their position. They clung to it. At one point (unknown to Stoessinger), they even flirted with bombing Manchuria—the very position for which MacArthur, the crusader, had been condemned.

In examining Kennedy, Stoessinger focuses on the Cuban missile crisis. Despite a few complaints, he praises Kennedy's "firm sense of balance . . . his sensitively calculated crisis management, and his adroit use of power." Such enthusiasm overlooks a troubling question: why didn't the president first try private negotiations, as some top diplomats then counseled, before moving to a dramatic confrontation? Probably Kennedy wanted a public victory: it would restore his self-esteem and credibility after the debacles at the Bay of Pigs and the Vienna summit. In addition, because of the imminent congressional elections, he probably feared that he could not politically risk private negotiations. The news of the Soviet missiles in Cuba would soon leak, defeat Democrats in November, and impair his hopes for securing bold programs from the next Congress.

Stoessinger acknowledges, uneasily, that Kennedy was unwise to reject Khrushchev's proposal for a *public* trade of American missiles in Turkey to end the crisis. One can go beyond the author's admission to a more harsh judgment: Kennedy humiliated Khrushchev. In October 1962 Kennedy rejected the very advice he later offered, in his American University address, when he said "Nuclear powers must avoid those confrontations which bring an adversary to a choice of either humiliating retreat or a nuclear war."

When Khrushchev suggested the swap on Turkey, many Kennedy advisers opposed the deal. It was a sell-out of NATO. Some preferred an invasion of Cuba. Among the more flexible men who liked the trade was one whose position Stoessinger did not discover: Vice President Lyndon Johnson. On this critical occasion, wasn't he more pragmatic and possibly more supple than JFK?

For Stoessinger, Vietnam was "Johnson's war," not the war he inherited from Kennedy. President Kennedy, according to the author, probably planned to withdraw 1000 men by late 1963 and to remove all troops by 1965. Unfortunately, there is a less friendly interpretation of JFK's expectations of what he might have done if he had lived. His plan to withdraw 1000 troops, as the Pentagon papers suggest, assumed that South Vietnamese would be trained to fight and thus to replace Americans.

But what would have happened when the South Vietnamese proved unable to win the war or even stave off defeat? Why believe that JFK would have retreated from Indochina? After his death, his close advisers supported the escalation for the next few years. Almost none abandoned the war until 1967-68. In fact, Johnson, who was so intransigent, was not much different from many of the JFK advisers he inherited. True, LBJ stubbornly resisted longer than did Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara and a few others, but that hardly establishes that they were flexible, or, for that matter, that Kennedy would have behaved very differently. Neither Johnson nor Kennedy wished to preside over the "loss" of Vietnam. The challenge was not simply personal but also ideological: the need to contain communism—to maintain a world safe for liberal capitalism.

For Kissinger, alone among the major figures in the book, Stoessinger puts aside his psychological lens and analyzes ideology—Kissinger's global vision, his quest for stability. To achieve that stability, Kissinger first expanded the war, brought new savagery to Cambodia, and killed many Asians and some Americans. His aim to end American involvement without a speedy communist triumph failed. "He came close to being a crusader," Stoessinger concludes. But on other matters—detente with the Soviets, the establishment of SALT I, and the opening to China—Kissinger justifiably receives the author's plaudits for his flexibility and success.

Nixon, too, receives some passing praise. But what does it mean for Stoessinger's basic argument that Richard Nixon, a man noted for his personal rigidity, a leading anticommunist crusader of the 1950s, should preside over the effort to work out new arrangements in the 1970s? Are crusaders often so supple that they become pragmatists? Or should we junk the whole argument?

Barton J. Bernstein

Barton J. Bernstein is professor of history at Stanford and a contributing editor of *Inquiry*.

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Brief Review

The Writing on the Wall: Inside Higher Education in America by Gail Thain Parker

(Simon & Schuster; $9.95)

Ever since Bennington College's wunderkind president Gail Parker was fired in 1976 after a series of administrative and social blunders, she has devoted herself to attacking the collegiate system which, to her way of thinking, caused her demise. First the message was only implicit in *College on Your Own* (1978), a guide to mail-order degree-granting institutions. This time she's opened fire on everything sacred in college today, from tenure to the BA degree, in *The Writing on the Wall*, a bitter

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and often personal polemic which is at heart a defense of her actions at Bennington.

Parker is right in recognizing that higher education in America is in crisis. Decreasing enrollments, soaring costs, and a growing public doubt of the value of college education as a tool for social mobility are all forcing colleges to reevaluate their goals and methods. And Parker is also right in taking American colleges to task for failing to come up with major reforms. Instead most have settled for Wall Street-style ad campaigns that may succeed in filling classrooms, but only with snowed kids who won't find out until it's too late that their BAs can't get them anywhere—or at least nowhere worth thousands of dollars in tuition for four years running.

But as Parker sees it, the hard-sell admissions racket is just a symptom of a more serious blight: the stodgy self-important professor whose inability to see a past or future different from the present cripples reform as long as he's permitted a voice in college affairs. About the best these meaching, niddering, gabbling decidophobes (Parker's words) can come up with is curriculum reform, the "back to basics" or "core curriculum" movement which Parker denounces as cosmetic and self-serving (what better way to ensure one's place on the faculty than to insist one is the repository of essential knowledge?). Parker claims to be too liberal to advocate removal of faculty from decision-making bodies altogether. Instead she yearns for a new professoriate, one that would take responsibility for its administrations' financial headaches by voting out tenure, taking pay cuts, even trimming its own population.

Parker's nearly pathological distrust of the American college professor, doubtless fueled by her belief that it was faculty griping that cost her her job at Bennington, makes it difficult to assess, or even to locate, the reforms suggested in *The Writing on the Wall*. It leads her into contradictions—she lashes out at credentialism and the publish-or-perish syndrome, yet is guilty of it herself. And into blind spots—she cannot see any disadvantage to cutting back student-faculty ratios. What right-minded student would want to hang around with these geeky misfits anyway? she seems to be saying.

To Parker's credit, *The Writing on the Wall* contains a few exciting ideas. In Parker's ideal college, people of all ages would take courses whenever they felt like it, and there would be no BA degree to coerce them into doing it differently. Credentials would be granted only by trade and professional schools. Faculty would no longer be protected by tenure and the resulting free market set-up would guarantee more lively professors. (It's undeniable that the present emphasis on working toward tenure forces conformity and lackeyism on the young professor who may have no sense of academic freedom left to exercise by the time he's tenured.) Furthermore, all faculty members would be required to work in "the real world" every few years, making them more fit companions for their worldly students. But unfortunately Parker's vituperative style and preoccupation with her faculty foes ensures that her only converts will be frustrated students, lecturers denied tenure, or embittered former college presidents.

Megan Marshall

Megan Marshall is a Boston writer.

Correspondence, *from page 3*

legislate any kind of "progressive experiment" in Massachusetts that his constituents will pay for.

In the meantime, we in Texas and other parts of the South and Southwest have some experiments of our own going. One of these we call industrial development. A result has been an unemployment rate in Texas that is two percentage points lower than the national average and several points lower than the rate in Massachusetts.

It is true, I suppose, that the poor and unemployed in Texas get a little less in benefits than they might get in Massachusetts as a result of Mr. Frank's progressive experiments. This is why we are so pleased to see all of the new Texans who have moved here from Massachusetts. We know that they know that if they had wanted welfare they could have stayed where they were. In Texas, they get to go to work.

Allen Itz
Kingsville, Texas

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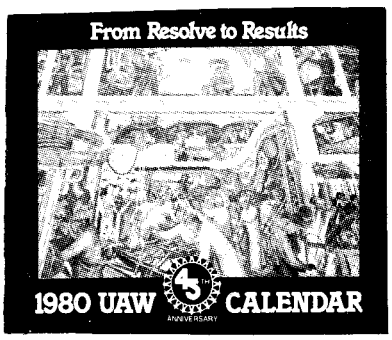

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THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE

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Washington Diarist

I have spent recent days preparing for my Harvard seminar this term on "the persistence of nationalism in our time." Who would have thought, a quarter-century ago, that in 1980 contemporary history still would be written, in fact increasingly, as the history of mini-peoples and micro-states? Certainly not I. "Brilliant and compelling" read the marginalia in my copy of E. H. Carr's *Nationalism and After*—a freshman year reading assignment—which argued that we already were well past the age of those fissiparous particularisms defined by tribe and sect. Carr said with certainty that the small political unit was "precarious," "a shadow," "anomalous," "an anachronism." A glance at the headlines shows how wrong Professor Carr and I were. The survival of primal group loyalties may be improbable, but it certainly is not irrelevant. Carr expected transnational institutions—the United Nations, the British Commonwealth, various would-be melting pots—to be the order of a more tolerable day, and he was hardly alone in this expectation. Many in those days believed in world government, nothing less; the UN was to be—you'll remember the cliché—"mankind's last best hope." Of course it's turned out to be nothing of the sort, neither protecting the freedom of national groups nor enhancing the well-being of individuals. Like the ignominious League that came before, it is the killer of the dream.

When I went to Brandeis University at 16 in 1955, I was prematurely political, and so was Brandeis. My distinctly New Yorkish childhood memories of the 1948 campaign pit the underdog Harry Truman against the front-runner Henry Wallace, with Thomas E. Dewey as an also-ran. Though it would not do so now, this special perspective prepared me for Brandeis, where Stevensonian liberalism was on the far right wing of acceptable views. I later felt that at Brandeis I had experienced the 1960s years earlier than everyone else. There was no ideological position I did not encounter, and there were few I did not hold, at least for a few weeks. We were attracted to these various dispensations by the magnetic intellectuals who made up the then-fledgling Brandeis faculty: Max Lerner, for instance, and his vigorous espousal of a reformist humanism; Herbert Marcuse, whose authoritarian style and ideas were as much Teutonic as Marxian; Philip Rahv, whose gloomy radicalism derived more from his reading of Dostoevsky than of *Capital*; Frank Manuel, whose corrosive illuminations from history tended to undermine the enthusiasms awakened by the Enlightenment texts he taught; Marie Syrkin and Ludwig Lewisohn, whose passionate Zionisms rooted their sensibilities about the wider politics and broader culture in something very much their own. Fortunately, I was not touched by the muscular patriotism of John Roche, who later became LBJ's one intellectual in the bunker days of the Great Society. In the end, I was then what I think I am today: a practical liberal, committed to concrete measures of practical justice.

But practical justice is not quite a political vision, and it does not even provide for clear scruples. There was at Brandeis in those years a small core of democratic socialists, grouped around Irving Howe, who did have a vision, and used it as a critical tool in challenging the ruling liberal orthodoxies. If I did not always agree with the solutions they seemed to have in ready reserve, I usually felt myself provoked by the objections they put forward against the prevailing American way. I started reading their magazine, *Dissent*, with its first or second issue, and I have been reading it ever since. Methuen has just published an anniversary reader, *Twenty-Five Years of Dissent*, evidence of both the Dissenters' doggedness ("unswerving Irving" is how Howe has been characterized) and their moral and intellectual distinction. The current issue of the magazine contains an article on Iran, by Sharif Arani, which is by far the most lucid, comprehensive, and believable explanation I've seen of the religious tempests that have overtaken it. Some *New Republic* subscribers have received a letter soliciting subscriptions to *Dissent*. I know only one other journalistic investment as rewarding.

Socialism is not a settled doctrine for *Dissent*, but a disposition to choose equality and flee greed. *Dissent* is much more doctrinal when democracy is at issue. The magazine emerged out of the socialist opposition to Stalinism. From its pages one can cull the most devastating critique of Soviet totalitarianism: Michael Walzer on 1956 and Abram Tertz (Sinyavski) on socialist realism come to mind. Nothing like that, surely, from the chic left *Village Voice*, too busy with the West Bank to notice either Iran or Afghanistan, or from the old left *Nation*, whose latest issue, true to tradition, treats the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan as a matter of indifference.

Our critical reviews of Edward Said's recent polemics (Leon Wieseltier, review of *Orientalism*, *TNR*, April 7, 1979; Walter Laqueur, review of *The Question of Palestine*, *TNR*, December 15, 1979) have earned us the animosity of his friends. Fair enough. Apparently as an act of solidarity, some of Said's colleagues at Columbia's English Department will no longer write for *TNR*. Fortunately, the Columbia English Department is not an effective cartel in the market for book reviews. We've gotten mail saying our reviewers have Professor Said all wrong; he's a Palestinian moderate, conciliatory, peaceful minded. Now comes Said himself to say, No, that's not so. As if his books hadn't established him as a lead singer in the hymn of hate, he's given an interview in the current *Middle-East*, an English-language Arabisant monthly, where he argues that "pressure to change the [PLO] Charter is an assault upon Palestinian rights." That charter is not simply an assertion of Palestinian nationalism; it commits the PLO, on whose councils Said sits, to the destruction of the state of Israel. Scarcely a moderate goal, even for Palestinians. OK, maybe that's tactics. But what about Article 20 of the charter? This asserts that "claims of historical or religious ties of Jews with Palestine are incompatible with the facts of history." That's the kind of falsehood from which there's no retreat, and one that insures fanaticism.

Happy the country, to paraphrase Brecht, that makes no headlines. I doubt that fate will spare Yugoslavia. If the Soviets move on the Yugoslavs, however, they will encounter a resistance far stiffer even than that of the Afghanis. Yugoslavia has been schooled in resistance. Vladimir Dedijer's lyrically beautiful *The Beloved Land* tells of the execution by the Nazis of an old peasant woman who served the *maquis rouge*. "I die," she told the men of the German firing squad, "also for you." The Moslem rebels who are being executed now by the Red Army in Afghanistan may not be our idea of progressive or liberal folk. But in being willing to die rather than live under the Soviet boot, they die not only for the young Russians who will kill them, but for us too.

M.P.

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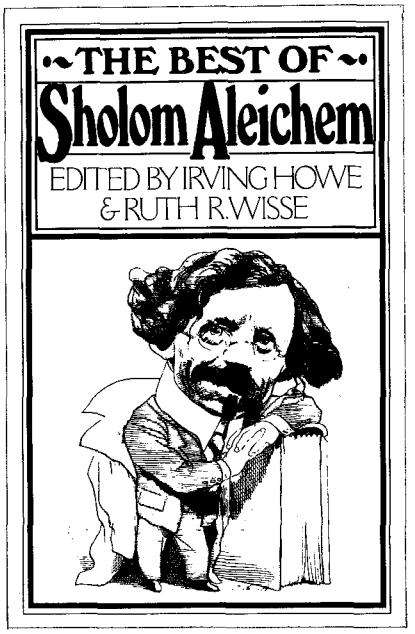

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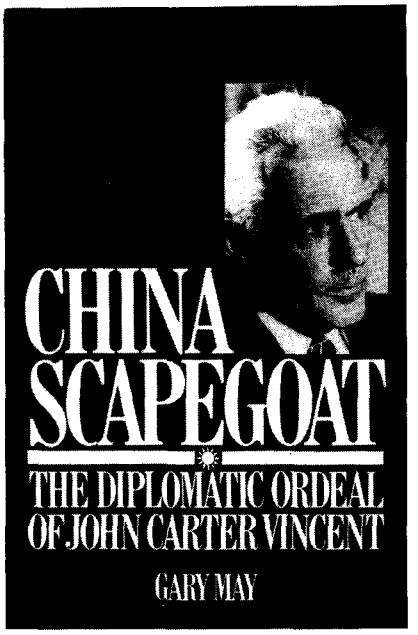

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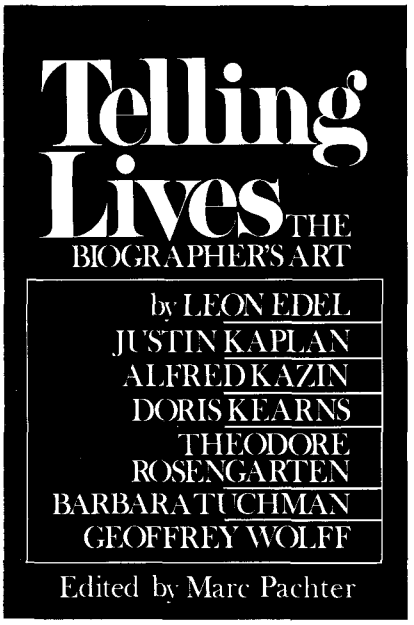

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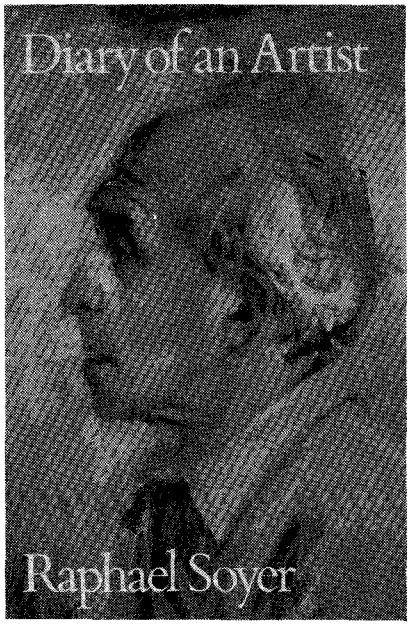

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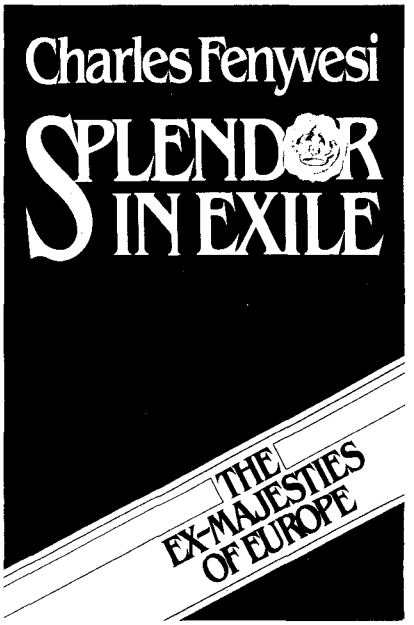

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